

MACLEAN'S

COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE | 2010 VANCOUVER WINTER GAMES

CITY OF GOLD



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A NEW GOLD STANDARD

Vancouver, already a high-flying city, is poised to soar higher, faster, stronger

IN MONTREAL, in 1976, awaiting the start of my first year of university, I saved one of the great books, to that point, of my life: a friend with tickets for the closing ceremonies of the Summer Olympic festival along. Thirty-seven years later, memories of the evening are as clear as the effect you get fast-forwarding a video: what comes to mind are images of multiple flags waving, to no marching beneath fireworks, and thousands, drawn out realizations of various national anthems. If that sounds cynical, that's not the intent: the real lingering memory of that night is the intense passion and emotion it aroused within everyone inside the Stade Olympique. You felt intensely proud of your own country, yet simultaneously closer than ever to the rest of the world seated all around you.

Vancouver, through the superb planning and meticulous care of its organizers, has just earned the right to that great feeling by winning the competition to host the 2010 Winter Games. If there's one lesson that Games history teaches us, it's that success is best assured the afternoon of the world in the dimension of the event—and that the host city itself will never be quite the same after.

Consider the two most relevant cases for Canadians: Montreal in '76, and the 1988 Calgary Winter Games. In Montreal, the long-term fallout, despite the magic of closing night, was negative. The Games nearly bankrupted the city, the allegations of corruption seriously damaged its image, and those two factors sent Montreal into a downward spiral from which it only recently emerged. And construction of the controversial coparcade and impractical Olympic Stadium squally marked the beginning of the end for the beautiful Expo. To this day, it remains the only blemish I can think of the proud people to say, "It's such a nice day, let's not go to the ball game."

By contrast, the 1988 Winter Games resulted in the renaissance of Calgary. Until that point, Calgary—at least to its outsiders—

often seemed to wear a collective identity complex, forever awaiting the next perceived slight from anyone who didn't love them. The two with which they prepared for and executed the Games in 1988 taught everyone—starting with themselves—that Calgary was certainly no meek, bumbling, a smart, elegant city of the first rank.

Like Montreal, Vancouver goes into the Games with the requisite sophistication already in place—so its challenges to avoid Montreal's post-Games fate by ensuring that its strengths are enhanced, not diminished, by what lies ahead. And like Calgary, Vancouver has established wide community support, evidenced, in this case, by putting its importance to the Games to a referendum last February.

Serving as a Games host, like participating as an athlete, is all about risk and reward. For the next seven years, most Canadians outside of British Columbia have the luxury of being able to treat thoughts of the 2010 Games as a distant dream, to be enjoyed or ignored as they wish. Not so in B.C., where they now begin laying their collective future, reputation, and financial well-being on the line. The Games ensure that the world's attention focuses on the best for about two weeks—but all bets are off after that. Have you thought a lot about, say, Lillooet, or Kamloops, or Abbotsford, or the Salt Lake City as destination points lately? Hosting the Games, then, is ultimately only a means rather than an end. Happily, based on the performance of Vancouver's organizers, they have that figured out—an already soaring city is poised to fly even faster, higher, and stronger.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

Illustration by Michael S. Green for Maclean's

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Canada's Most Influential Magazine

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'From a 15-year-old girl's perspective, it would be really nice to run into a straight man who could dance as well as most gay men do.' —SAMANTHA HEDDER, *Empire City, Ont.*

Letter to the Editor letters@canada.com

Intellectualizing the war

After reading the cover story on Michael Ignatieff's support for the war in Iraq ("Smart guy, eh?" June 23), I feel that the most crucial question was left unasked. In espousing an "Empire Lite" view of American global influence, Ignatieff does not address the broader question of whether the U.S., as the world's only superpower, can act as a manager that takes into account anything but its own self-interest. In light of so-far-fused weapons of mass destruction, the hindsight justification has now shifted to the liberation of 26 million people from a "totally odious tyranny." Never mind that Saddam Hussein, at the time that he committed the worst of his human rights abuses in the 1980s, was wholeheartedly supported by Washington as a key Middle East ally. Also unaddressed is the fact that, as a result of U.S. and British insistence that economic sanctions be maintained against Iraq throughout the 1990s, thousands of Iraqis, mostly children, died of preventable diseases and hunger. The claim that the governments of these two countries are now taking an interest in liberating Iraqis, at the additional cost of more civilian lives, sounds undeniably foolish. Much more often should have been expended in creating an international institutional mechanism to depose evil dictators around the world, within the rule of international law.

Marc Chénier, Ottawa

I don't think anyone summed up the situation in Iraq better than Michael Ignatieff: the human rights issue with precedence over all others in deciding the justice of the war. What if the leaders of the Western world were murderers, rapist dictators? In short, what if the roles were reversed? I would hope some other country would come and free us.

Ryan Field, South Hill, B.C.

Please, don't present Harvard University's Michael Ignatieff as a Canadian intellectual or as a cynic. He has not been "Canadian" for decades. Give us someone to be



proud of who lives here, works here and loves here. Give us hope from someone who relates to us—he or she doesn't have to be an intellectual or an cynic, just a real, live, practicing Canadian.

Lois Moffitt, Baker Lake, Nunavut

Even smart guys sometimes make mistakes. How can Ignatieff feel he holds the moral high ground when it is obviously all a matter of dollars and cents for the U.S. administration? Smart guy seems to have missed the target just like smart bombs do sometimes.

Lynette van Loosven, Chatham, Ont.

We Canadians instilled a net and we were right! Talk back about weapons, motives, common connections, fallout and peace was preposterous. Perhaps Michael Ignatieff is suggesting that we should have gone against our interests and blindly supported America's financial, irrational leaders.

Dawn Bantles, Richmond Hill, Ont.

My former Ottawa neighbour, Michael Ignatieff's father George Ignatieff, like my father, worked not only at the UN but also at NATO. I chose to be influenced by the culture of peace advanced through the UN, it appears that Michael chose to be influ-

enced by the cult of war espoused by NATO. JEFF RUTSON, Global Compliance Research Inc/Chula, Victoria

'Top-notch' care in P.E.I.

Prince Edward Island ranked third out of 37 health regions in Maclean's fifth annual health-care report ("Say Ahhhhh" Cover, June 26). I cannot credit that. I have just been discharged after six weeks in Prince County Hospital Sunnyside. I required extensive diagnostic services, including referral to the newest oncology unit in Canada at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital Charlottetown. I have been attended by one dozen. There have been nine round trips by ambulance—all at the behest of cancer. All health-care providers have been top-notch—oncologists, nurses, nursing assistants, paramedics, receptionists, lab technicians and ward clerks. *Astounded!* Of course. That's what health care is—the sum of all the anecdotes, not the substitution of statistics and spreadsheets. Tomorrow, I will see my 10th doctor—an oncologist born on P.E.I. who has returned to serve us.

Kathy Lingo, Summerside, P.E.I.

This 95-year-old thinks that those doctors who are worried that the addition of nurse practitioners to the new way of doing medicine will lower their income should have taken up glomberg.

Dore E. Uppel, Port Dover, Ont.

Freedom of speech

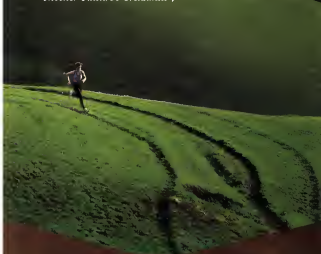
If a broadcaster is fired for criticizing governments, aquaducts for the wrong colour and CarWest Global for smothering public debate, which left to fight for the things we need most, like accountable governments, non-interference in journalistic opinion and protecting the environment? It seems to me that the Vancouver radio station should be eliminated, not *Radio 680* ("In We a lion, out like a lion," Broadcasting, June 23).

Andre Mack, Chetumal, Mex.

Stay home, see the country

While reading Peter Mansbridge's column "Having fun at home" (*Manbridge* goes the Record, June 23), I was struck by how passionate it is that most Canadians need SALES, not one and West Nile to inspire them to travel on their own homeland. We live in the most fantastic country in the world, a fact

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that I took for granted until I recently travelled abroad. Forget Europe, forget the U.S., forget the Caribbean. Canada has the best, the snow, the culture and language, the history, and it has the most reasonable scenery and wonderful people. So maybe we should take advantage of our status on the travel blacklist and use an unrecognized Canada while supporting our own tourist industry.

Wendy Kirk, London, Ont.

I couldn't agree more with Peter Mandelstam urging us to "love" Canada. I live in Ontario but grew up in Alberta. Any chance any parents had, we were over discovering this wonderful country, namely B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Having driven from Alberta to Ontario a few times, it gives you a completely different understanding of how big this country really is.

Rejea Thibault, Whitehorse, Ont.

Here come the lawyers

If the state wants to grant gay and lesbian marriage status, so be it. But it's a fairly tight ship that nobody talks about the next step: gay divorce ("Not so queer as folk," June 23). Frankly, I can't see why gays want to marry like straight couples. Marriage is a failing institution and so to like the bet on community just to be the norm is silly. At least the lawyers will benefit greatly, but cause gay divorce will be just as nasty as straight divorce.

Ed Gendry, Vancouver

If we could use a different name for same-sex unions, no marriage, I am sure more people would be accepting. But it must change the meaning of the word marriage so that if a man tells us he is married, we know he is married to a woman. We don't want to ask, "Is your spouse a man or a woman?"

Heidi Elman, Vancouver

The social architects are all over again. Our left-leaning judicial system, in conjunction with our weak-kneed politically correct social conservatives, has decided that Big Brother has the right to dictate the morality and effect of our society. Gay culture is an overt rejection of solid conventions, and in your face-brassy edges are considered odd by its practitioners. It is inherently at odds with tradition, but fortunately, the neo-conservative morality is still alive and



If a man tells us he is married, we don't want to ask, Is your spouse a man or a woman?

preserved as our major religious churches, temples and mosques cannot be forced to conduct some neo-marriage ceremonies. *All Saints, Stouffville, Ont.*

Constructive criticism

I always enjoy Will Ferguson's writing, but I take exception to his characterization of constructive workers as "happily challenged, knuckle-dragging, tooth-throwers in hell-bats" ("Talk of two cities," Will Ferguson's Canada, June 16). I'm a university-educated professional, but I've worn a hard hat on numerous occasions—and I count many working-class types among my friends. These are solid, salt-of-the-earth people, and in a country I'd much rather have one of them in my corner than a Bernie Ecclestone, a Ken Lay or a Marjorie Simons. It's large chunks of the population with such a casual disdain.

The Sandberg, Calgary

From sea to sea

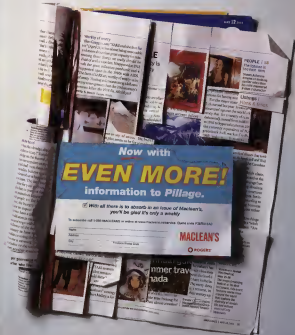
Grateful thanks to Peter C. Newman for his timely article as one of my favourite Canadian explorers: Sir Alexander Mackenzie ("We got there first," Column June 23). The challenges and adventures of this remarkable man were incredible. He and his team

paddled birchbark canoes from the near Arctic to Montreal, from where he travelled to England to obtain the now-vanished insurance for more security plotting his location by the stars, then sailed back to Montreal, and then back across the continent to what is now the Mackenzie River Delta. The journal Mackenzie wrote upon his retirement to Scotland was widely read all over Europe and beyond, and was made compulsory reading by Napoleon for all his senior officers who served in North America. The Journals and Letters of Sir Alexander Mackenzie should be required reading in all Canadian schools.

Catherine M. Douglas, Victoria

While Mackenzie's exploits were perhaps more arduous and employed fewer resources than the American port Lions and Clark, Alexander remains a Canadian. He was born in Scotland and died in England. Indeed, Canada was not yet a country at the time of his death. On the other hand, both Lions and Clark were native born in the state of Virginia. This is not intended to designate Mackenzie's efforts nor Peter C. Newman's article, but my research has yet to uncover any noteworthy Canadian-born explorer. *Web is more true to*

Mac Edwards, Toronto



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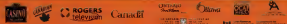
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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



CATCHING THE SPIRIT

Laid-back British Columbian vendors start lining up outside Vancouver's GM Place at 4 a.m., especially on a summer morning. But July 2 was no ordinary day. The almost 17,000 spectators were there to witness history, as Vancouver and Whistler were awarded the 2010 Olympic and Paralympic Winter Games.

"The atmosphere was absolutely electric," says Maclewan's Vancouver Bureau Chief Ken Maclewan (above). Assistant Managing Editor James Deacon, a veteran of five Olympic games, travelled to Prague to cover the vote first-hand.

Deacon, who attended the Canadian bid team's final meeting just

before the vote, recalls the closing words of Linda Ogilvie, the group's marketing vice-president. "I know you've all got a lot to do," she said, "but remember to savour the moment, too. Because it's going to be a fantastic day." And it was.

Maclewan, who has covered three Olympics, is enthusiastic about covering the Games on his home turf, adding that his two sons, 14 and 17, are already talking about volunteering for the event. "This is a wonderful and much-needed tonic for the community and the province," he notes. "There's a renewed sense of purpose and excitement here, and if we can sustain and build on that it will be a wonderful thing."

Maclewan's involvement with the Vancouver/Whistler announcement isn't limited to news coverage and analysis. The magazine was also a committed community sponsor of the Vancouver 2010 Bid Corporation.

"Maclean's has a long tradition of celebrating the achievements of Canada's Olympians, especially when they perform on Canadian soil," says Publisher Paul Jones. "That's why we were so thrilled to be a community partner supporting the Vancouver 2010 Bid Corporation. And we're looking forward to showcasing tales of Canadian athletic success in the years to come."

Tell us what you think. Contact: behindthescenes@macleans.ca

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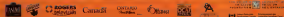
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THEWEEK



Confederation | Newfoundland's Canada, 'a risk worth taking'

The Newfoundland fish of previous fishing and true. The province's fish are gone, its hydro power has been developed for the benefit of Quebec, its offshore oil revenues are falling. Ottawa's best fish are its own, and its young and talented are leaving at a huge clip. Still, if you thought Newfoundlanders and Labradorians were kicked off at the country, you'd be only partly right. As its recent commission proclaimed in an unexpected Canada Day gift, separation and self-determination are not the answer, and only a small handful want to continue along that path. Better to change federal provincial relations on both fronts, meeting at home.

While the Commission on Renewing and Strengthening Our Place in Canada may have started life as a would-be election platform, its final report won't be much help to a commissioning Liberal Premier Roger Grimes, who has been thrashing about action and constitutional warfare over the marbled fisheries. Healed by former fish tycoon Victor Young, the commission wants to change Ottawa's remote paternalism. But all in all, it says, "Canada has made a significant contribution to Newfoundland and Labrador." And on the key provincial issue, it says the Lower Churchill's hydro potential should be developed without linkage to post-gas status, the province should have a say (not jurisdiction) over the fisheries and resource revenues should be recognized, but only if St. John's first gets to own itself. However in order to reach that Newfoundland and Labrador true believe, the late Joey Smallwood, might well have written, the Canadian way, the commission said, "is a risk worth taking."



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Quote of the week | "I'll just have to pull down my shorts in future."

Swiss star **CHRISTIAN GIMENEZ** on the success will select for pro players to keep their shirts on after scoring

ScoreCard

✓ White Rock, B.C.: City council considers having mediator when closed door meeting ends in dead-end. One councillor opposes, minor issues after broader side agree. Although still in limbo with a post-600 adage, fortunately proves false: they're not angrier than a sword.

▲ Stephen Harper: Canadian Alliance leader sheds policy work stress by logging his possible duty at no lower than 18 St. Stephen's brookside, L.A. of flying his car over hills. Calgary credibility. Downers: "If you can't stand the heat" is not just a political metaphor in oilfield, anyway, kitchen matter.

✓ Toronto: Vancouver Olympic men coaches' opponents hope of a third time lucky bid for the 2012 Summer Games. But, say, aren't these governments' appointed looking down a really narrow tunnel?

✓ Montreal, Quebec: The province's Olympic bid for 2012 Winter Games is a foregone conclusion. Would not seem Olympic, he says, "if Quebec had been a Vancouver state." The good news: Montreal has time to finish jumping off its 15th Olympic debt.

✓ Swift: Good sport to be a childless wealthy and uncontrolled lawsuit by ending an election in schools and a passing high-tech formula. Wright has a side effect of another product in the North Canadian market. More expertise.



CHINESE DEMOCRACY Six years to the day after Britain handed over sovereignty to China, an estimated 500,000 residents of the city took to the streets to protest against a proposed anti-subversion law demanded by Beijing. The law would give authorities the right to crack down on journalists or suspected dissidents. The protests, massive by any standard, were back-page news in the mainland media.

WORLD

MIDDLE EAST There was rare progress on the peace front as Israel pulled its troops from the West Bank town of Jericho as well as southern Gaza, leaving security to Palestinian authorities. The three largest Arab militant groups agreed to a cease-fire, but there were still sporadic attacks and an Israeli report that killed an unarmed gunman.

PAKISTAN Armed men, including a suicide bomber, killed at least 31 Sikh Muslims and wounded scores of others as they gathered for afternoon prayers at a mosque in Quetta. The violence is believed to be the work of radical Sunni Muslims seeking to incite retaliation and destabilize the country.

IRAQ Guerrilla-style assaults on U.S. troops in Iraq continued, occurring at the rate of 13 a day. Eighteen GIs were injured in one mortar attack. At home, a Gallup poll reported that only 56 per cent of Americans believe it was worth going to war, down from 75 per cent in April.

AL-JABR The Arab news network played an audiotape reportedly from Saddam Hussein, and said to be recorded in Iraq on June 14. The White House played a US\$25-million

lion bounty on his head, the same as it has for Osama bin Laden.

AFRICA European and African leaders pleaded with the U.S. to intervene in Liberia, where leader Charles Taylor, accused of war crimes by a United Nations commission, is under siege from rebel troops in the capital Monrovia. An expert of insurgents, Taylor has been a destabilizing influence in West Africa.

With retired Canadian general Maurice Baril assisting, a power-sharing agreement was reached in the Democratic Republic of Congo between the government and rebel groups, participants in a long civil war. Baril's role will be vice-president in a new regime and have a say in a unified army.

WEAPONS The Pentagon asked for bids to develop hypersonic cruise missiles that could lift off from a U.S. base and strike anywhere in the world within two hours. (Hypersonic means five times the speed of sound.)

FRIENDLY FIRE Maj. Harry Schrock, the U.S. pilot who dropped the bomb that killed four Canadian soldiers in Afghanistan in April 2002, will go to court on a single charge of dereliction of duty, with maximum penal-

ty of six months in prison. Schrock argued for the court martial rather than a less severe administrative hearing because he believes he will be found innocent at trial and may be able to resume his flying career.

RELEASED A Paris court ordered the release of Mayman Rajan, a charismatic leader of the People's Mujahideen. His arrest by French security officials, along with over 150 supporters of the armed Iranian opposition group, provoked dramatic protests across Europe in which several people set themselves on fire, including Canadian Neel Kashfani, 26, who died from his injuries in London.

PUNISH Volatile Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi opened his debut as head of the European Union by telling a heckling German lawmaker that he would make a good concentration camp guard. Despite the ensuing diplomatic uproar, Berlusconi refused to apologize, saying he was only trying to be honest.

CANADA

WAB CON Concluding a six-week investigation, the Canadian Road Inspection Agency was unable to pinpoint the origins of the

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TOUGH TIMES TORONTO

Whether it's hockey, politics, or an Olympic bid, the city just can't win

SITTING in Vancouver's GM Place the other day we got a weird feeling. A lot of people in suits that hockey rink had worked long and hard for years to make their collective dream come true, and as the moment it did, there was a sudden, emotional release—and it wasn't all cheering. It had been a close race, but no one, even from opposing sides, argued that Vancouver-Whistler wasn't a deserving winner. It had offered a solid presentation from a united team whose members represent one of the most arduous years in our country. The world had better prepare itself for what's to come to see because the B.C. coast will soon be a scene no longer. For 17 days in 2010, it will be the most photographed place on the planet.

And for all the self-congratulation they could have done, you have to hand it to the bid organizers, because they were quick to go over to Toronto as the city that helped get them where they suddenly found themselves. Toronto's bid for the Summer Games in 2008 had also been solid, but the politics of the jump for anti-Saraswathi on that limited Olympic movement under his rule ensured that the Olympics would be a lower still, the ground he'd been laid for Canada in that arena, in a sense, "used."

If Vancouver's bid had failed, though, Toronto was ready to go for the 2012 Games. In fact, the Toronto Star, ever ready to push the local brand, included this headline in its Olympic coverage during the bid running up to the decision in Prague: "Less could seem hope for Toronto bid."

It almost seemed as if they were hoping. And maybe they were, because some in Toronto—hold your breath. Not of Canada—are beginning to wonder whether they can win anything anymore, combined that everyone else is passing them by.

Let's assume that case with three complex: First, the Olympics. The latest announcement makes three Olympic Games for this country. Montreal in 1976, Calgary in 1988,

and now Vancouver-Whistler. To hard core Torontonians, that time lost into Quebec, Alberta and British Columbia—and no return of the summer Olympics.

Politics. Sure, Ontario has one-third of the country's members of Parliament—but hey, power moves which at the helm, isn't it? Name the last prime minister elected from a Toronto riding. Hiring trouble with that one? Let's make a guess: name the last prime minister elected from Ontario. It's been 40 years since that happened—and while Lester Pearson was acknowledged as one of the greats, you can't live on history forever. There have been six occupants of 24 Sussex Drive since Pearson: one from Alberta, two from British Columbia, and three from Quebec (see the pattern here?). And while two of the three candidates running to be the next Liberal leader and, therefore, prime minister, are from Ontario ridings, neither is named Paul Martin.

Then we even raise the national question of hockey? The Toronto Maple Leafs are becoming the Chicago Cubs of the Stanley Cup era; it's been so long since a last happened (36 years) that many in Toronto wonder whether it really ever did happen. Alberta (here we go again) has fiery fresh banners hanging in both Edmonton and Calgary. Vancouver has at least been to the finals in recent memory; and Montreal said to win, too—in 1976 and 1993.

Some in Toronto have always been convinced that their city is the one everyone else loves to hate, partly because it has been so for decades. But really, why's the beef in that argument these days? What's to hate or even envy? Toronto may be the biggest city in the country, but in some things, it's clearly going to have to learn how to get back in the game. There can only be the right to be hated all over again.

Paul Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of The National. To comment, click on the letters to the editor.

Passages

1957 Katherine Hepburn brought wit and intelligence to women's roles onscreen. In a 62-year career, she was nominated for 12 Academy Awards, winning a record four times. But she is best known for the eight films she made with Spencer Tracy (they 27-year affair ended with his death in 1967).



1918 Approximately 1,400 people gathered in Penzance, Cornwall, to witness the 10th of the 1918's Roger Nelson. The former head coach of eight teams, including the Toronto Maple Leafs, was known for practicing the use of violence in a coaching and Nelson, 49, died of cancer in his home outside of Penzance.

1940 John Wayne, a North Nova Scotia highlander who led in Prince of Wales, was considered one of New Brunswick's greatest warriors. After being captured, he escaped and spent time with the French underground. Wayne, 68, died at his home in Fredericton.

1963 In 1969, world-renowned jazz flute player Yusef Lateef released the album, *Mythology Underground*, which became a groundbreaking jazz fusion recording. Lateef, 73, died of prostate cancer at his home in Pross, N.M.

1967 Canadian actor Buddy Hackett was a fixture on American television during the '50s and '60s. Hackett, 76, died at his beach house in Malibu, Calif.

AWARDED Cross-country skier Roddie Scott, of Northwood, Alta., is now an Olympic all-weather athlete. After a series of failed appeals by Roddie's Lifetime Leagues—who joined us and in the cross-country event at the 2002 Salt Lake City Games he acted positive for banned substances—the IOC has upgraded Scott, 38, from bronze to silver.

SHOWN Taking a \$11.8 million pay-off, Vancouver-born Paul Kiang, 38, signed a one-year contract with the California Aviators, rivaling with former Maple Leafs teammate Toronto Science, 33, who accepted a \$940,000 cut.



Summer camp | 'I want other kids to know there's a place they could come to'

At some summer camps, kids have more baggage than any youngster should have to carry. One young Miiswaua at Camp Moosho, held close your north of the Vancouver suburb of Port Moody, are art and music programs. But just finished. Some children are making masks, others are hiking in the saltwater of Indian Arm. Kirstyn Stewart, 21, of Langley, B.C., sits high above the water on Friendship Rock, while nearby, an imaginary war rages among a squad of imaginary men with arms automatic toys and grenades. "Boys," she says with a roll of her eyes. *Altogether, sponsored by the Western Canadian Prostate AIDS Society, is a camp for about 100 children from Western Canada, aged six to 16, who are affected by the disease. Some have the virus. Others, like Kirstyn, have lost family to it. Her father, Mike, died of complications from AIDS. Her mother, Jane Robert, lives with HIV.*

THIS IS MY FOURTH YEAR. I arrived Sunday, we've done swimming, archery and played games with other camps. In our cabin there are 12 or 14 kids. There's not enough beds. One of our counselors has to sleep outside. Do we sleep? Not really.

My mom does public info on HIV/AIDS. My dad died when I was four and he was 27. I remember once we went fishing, and he caught one and kind of squealed it. It was a girl fish and eggs went everywhere. That was for a Father's Day that he wanted to have someone. I think I was three or four. Then he was in hospice for a while. My mom's health is pretty good.

I talk about the disease with my friends. Most of them know about it already. At this camp it is pretty easy to talk, because they

Kirstyn, on Friendship Rock, says people shouldn't be afraid of those with AIDS

all understand it. They know what it's like. They're experiencing it. We don't talk about it a lot, though, we just put it behind us.

It's important for people to know that you don't have to be afraid of people who have it. A lot of people are, like, 'Oh my God, you can't go near that person, they have HIV/AIDS.' I'd like to tell them it's OK. My mom doesn't actually have a job. Lots of people's moms work in a restaurant or something, but they won't let her.

I couldn't sleep the night before camp. I know lots of the kids here. This isn't really like a camp. It's more like a family. We do all the stuff that you usually do at camp, but everyone gets along pretty well and they don't leave people out, like at school.

I'm pretty nervous to talk to you. But I want to help other kids, so they know there's a place they could come to and feel comfortable. So they're not afraid to talk about it.



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CITY OF GOLD

The Vancouver-Whistler team scores the goal that matters—winning the Winter Games in 2010, writes JAMES DEACON

IT WAS A WEIRD flat reaction. In the grand atrium lobby of the vast Pragma Hotel, where hundreds of Koreans, dozens of disconsolate Austrians and a handful of hopeful Canadians had gathered to watch the announcement of the host city of the 2010 Winter Games, the first cheer went up from the Korean International Olympic Committee president Jacques Rogge hadn't even finished uttering "We added to the city of Vancouver" when their ear-splitting celebrations began. Inside the hall where Rogge was speaking, the victors themselves were slow off the mark. They'd been rged with an anti-noise act in the day it appeared Vancouver-Whistler, the favorites, might be overtaken by the long-shot bid for Pyeongchang. Salzburg had seemingly been eliminated, prompting floods of tears from excited supporters. The most composed members of Canada's presentation team were the former athletes, people who knew about pressure, but even they bowed the strain. "It was so close," said bid member Carolyn Le May Dunn, the recently retired speed skater. "We had a great bid, but the vote process seemed to go on so long. We were very nervous."

After a couple of seconds, it sank in and there was pandemonium in the Canadian camp—tears, hugs, screams. "We've won the first gold medal of the 2010 Winter Games," roared I.O.C. Premier Gordon Campbell, "and it feels great." Later, when the documents had been signed and all requirements of the I.O.C. had been fulfilled, the Canadians threw a booze party, Pragma being a particularly great place to party. The wild and crazy Canadians are said to consume more beer per capita than anyone else in

the planet, but on the warm summer night of July 2, they got serious competition from some crazy Canadians. The red-dyed revelers started at a patio bar overlooking the Vase River and the historic Charles Bridge at midday. Unimpressed, they proceeded to the post-vote reception at the magnificent Municipal House, where the crisp pitman helped to wash down the artery-clogging buffet fare (try langdons for some leniency). In the wee hours, parties stumbled back to their hotels, unused to the ancient cobblestones of the old city's streets.

It was good fun, and well earned. Since Calgary was the last in 1988, Canada has mounted two bids for the Summer Games in Toronto (1996 and 2006) and one for the Winter Games in Quebec City (2002), and though technically sound, these proposals lost for a number of reasons, among them jinkery (Salt Lake City in 2002) and geopolitical profile (Beijing in 2008). The 2009 competition, finally, was seen as Canada's to lose. The I.O.C.'s official commission named Vancouver-Whistler's facilities and location the best of the three, and more important, the choice was geographically expedient. The 2006 Winter Games are in Europe, the 2008 Summer Games are in Asia, so it made sense, especially to U.S. TV interests whose millions underwrite the Olympic movement, to return to the ratings-friendly time zones of North America in 2010.

But Pragma, the gorgeous backdrop for so many gay tales, was the scene of some juicy Olympic intrigue. In the last two hours before the final ballot was announced, the English language Korea Times mistakenly posted a pre-written story on its Web site,



Clockwise from top: cheering the moment; Le May Dunn with fellow supporters in Pragma; all smiles for Gerdton, Campbell and Le May Dunn; Rogge making the announcement



saying Pyeongchang had won. Conspiracy theorists immediately concluded the fix was in. It wasn't, of course, but it's true that had room IOC maneuvering nearly did in Vancouver and was partly the reason for Salzburg, boasting Kitzbühel and the Seed of Mann, getting dumped in the first ballot by finishing last. Many European delegates hoping to get the next Summer Games in London, Paris, Madrid and Moscow are all contending; reportedly voted for Vancouver because they felt they had a better shot at 2012 of a non-European city based in 2010.

The Koreans, led by controversial IOC veteran Kim Un-Gwang, ran against Rogge for president even after being unopposed in the Salt Lake City bribery scandal—overtook the Austrians and scared the Canadians because they simply outmaneuvered the others. They targeted disgraced Asians, South Americans and African members—who signaled their unhappiness with the Eurocentric leadership of the IOC. “Those delegates,” explained Canadian delegate Doug Wood, “made that point very clearly in the vote today.” Asked about the forces at play in the bidding, Rogge declared “I am not an expert in explaining votes. I come from sport and the only thing that counts is what's on the scoreboard. It's how many goals you score, not how you score them.”

Despite their victory, a few Canadian officials were conspicuously restrained during the late-night celebrations. Bid vice-president of developments Terry Wright and chief financial officer John McLaughlin had other things on their minds. They're lead-

ing a coalition team that's dissolving the bid group and laying the groundwork for the large organizing committee that will spend the next 6½ years preparing for and running the Games. Sitting in his hotel room as others were flying home, McLaughlin prepped for meetings with Olympic officials to discuss what to expect next. “The first thing is that we'll wind up the bid corporation—pay all the bills and present our final financial statement to the IOC,” he explained.

This fall, when the new organizing committee gets its board of directors—various constituents, from the Canadian Olympic Committee to the provincial and federal governments, get to appoint their own people—its first job will be to hire a chief executive who in turn will, as bid chairman Jack Poole said, hire staff “one at a time.” Poole, a retired real estate developer, has been touted as a possible CEO candidate, but it will be up to those to watch the Games rather than run them. In the initial stages, the CEO will work with a comparatively small staff. McLaughlin suggests the committee will have only about 25 full-timers one year from now, 100 by 2006, and 1,200 permanent and 3,000 short-term employees by 2010. Construction on competitive venues will start soon so that they can be used by athletes for training and competitions, helping them work out any kinks.

The odds are extraordinary. The three cities competing for the much-lauded rings



in Prague collectively spent nearly \$149 million on their bids. The B.C. group estimates it will earn enough from ticket sales, TV rights and sponsorships to cover the \$4.3-billion cost of staging the Games. But that figure doesn't include hundreds of millions for other projects that are essential to the Games' success, such as upgrading the Vancouver transit and conservation system and expanding the rapid transit system. Various levels of government have promised tens of dollars to underwrite those expenses. “The

Games will be fully funded and guaranteed by Canadian governments,” Jean Charest assured delegates during the official Vancouver-Whistler presentation.

Based on other countries' experience, the excitement of getting the Games may soon wear off. There are usually budgets along the way, even as social activists challenge the use of tax dollars to underwrite a 17-day athletic event at a time when health care and public education are desperate for funds. But there's no denying Vancouver's

acclaimed bid. The competition for Olympic Games is fierce in addition to the European capital, for instance, New York is in the running for 2012. The Olympics have become the biggest prize not only in sport, but in civic recreation. The Games bring the attention of the world and, if things go well, enormous prestige and spinoff economic benefits. And in the process of getting Games ready, governments make important infrastructure improvements—B.C., for instance, will get a new highway from

Vancouver to Whistler out of the 2010 deal.

Canadian athletes hope for a payoff, too. With no comprehensive national policy and with funding slashed, sport has suffered in Canada over the past decade. Officials and athletes claim Canada is missing a train to the 2004 Summer Games in Athens that hasn't had the coaching, training and international experience to properly compete with the world's best. The 2010 Games are an incentive to reverse Canada's decline—no one on the bid team wants to repeat 1976

and 1988, when Canada suffered the embarrassment of not winning a single gold medal on home soil. In Prague, bid master Wayne Gretzky addressed that concern, promising, "We will win a gold in 2010." But Charmaine Crooks, who competed for Canada in four Olympics, says athletes can't wait six years for help. "They need to know now that they have the funding they need to compete," Crooks said. "We have to renew our commitment to sport, and winning these Games gives us the chance to do that."

In the immediate aftermath of victory, though, there was joy, and relief. "I feel as if I just got a lot younger," said a wrong-out John Parloke, the bid president. Years of dealing with angry strong politicians for supporting and touring Vancouver's bid to host the next Olympic Olympics around the world were all on the line on one rainy day. And the British Columbia employed a rally strategy, announcing a low-profile approach to winning votes and offering a low-key presentation at IOC meetings as the final morning. The Komats, working the hotel corridors, were clearly doing the job on the favorites, and that left us achingly long wait until the announcement of second-best results. But the B.C. strategy prevailed, and Crooks, both an IOC member and a Vancouver bid delegate, said she does on her athletes' answer for success. "We've got to be a star like this, with that kind of support," said the former middle-distance runner, "you have to get out there to win."

At the after-party, the hard-working athlete trio of Crooks, Le May Doan and former World Cup alpine champion Steve Podholski signed autographs and posed for pictures. Podolski turned up with a couple of IOC members, including Asian deputy from Barbados, a long-time proponent of the Vancouver bid. The pole-painter Campbell and the mayor, Larry Campbell and Hugh O'Flaherty of Vancouver and Whistler, respectively—passed some time. Don Christie, 67 and reflecting from jet lag, made an appearance. He walked energetically into the crowd, shaking hands and slipping beads, and he took the stage to offer brief speech. "In 1980, I was involved," he said. "The locally aggressive move loved to be cheered. As athletes stepped down off the podium, someone yelled, 'Let's sing O Canada!' And suddenly, on a hot night in Prague, that just was everyone did."

THE CLOCK IS TICKING

Vancouver, says KEN MACQUEEN, will see a flurry of activity leading up to 2010

"THE HOCKEY PLAYERS are coming to Vancouver," said Ryan Rice, who is three and was a two-overhead last week. Colchester Island around him at Vancouver's General Motors Place arena in the wild context of the International Olympic Committee voted to stage the 2010 Winter Games in little Fourth Island. The doesn't quite know what it's like, but he's done. Vancouver, having built its reputation on the dream of winter, may never be the same. Rice's mother, Jane Rice, was a Vancouverite living in Los Angeles during the 1984 Summer Games. "It was a fabulous experience, wonderful for the community and the athletes," she says. "It's not something you can just live with, you have to live through it. And you can't convince someone and they live through it."

It was a big week for the fans of North Vancouver. On Canada Day, Don's father, Stuart, became a Canadian citizen. 12 years after moving from England. On bid day, dad wore his new, red hockey jersey with "ICE" on the back, to commemorate the year of his citizenship. Rice will be one when the Games are held. His parents say they're excited that the Olympic experience will grow along with him. Stuart, a partner in a Vancouver advertising agency, expects the city will grow come, too. "There's going to be a big boom for the economy," he says. "We can only go up from here."

A new outlook may not be a bad thing. British Columbia has been better off some, both economically and spiritually, in the past few years, led by the school-leaver dispute with the U.S., weak economic growth and the drop in tourism caused by the war in Iraq and the SARS health scare. "We need something to pull us out of this," Vancouver

developer Jack Poole—the bid copartner isn't sure \$1-a-year chairman and CEO—said in an interview before departing for Prague. "If we didn't have this project we'd need to invent something to replace it."

Greater Vancouver, for all its bad-back Lanes Land stage, has grown increasingly tired and pinched. It has, in recent years, its professional basketball team, the Grizzlies, its Triple A baseball team, the Canadians, and its top on the pro football circuit, the Air Canada Championship. In all 200 typical fashion, this year's Canada Day fireworks were cancelled. The reason: they were too popular, creating fairs of crowd-control problems. "What a pathetic little village we live in," fumed one of many appalled letters written to the Vancouver Sun. At General Motors Place on July 1, Luis Richardson, 23, a recent University of British Columbia graduate who plans a career in event management, looked to the Olympics to deliver a needed job of community spirit. The Canada Day celebration "sucked," she said. "No fireworks."

The Olympic decision will spark a year seven-year flurry of activity in Vancouver and in Whistler, where most of the skiing and sliding events will be held. This includes more than \$600 million in Olympic venue construction projects. In Vancouver's curling center, a hockey arena at UBC, a speed-sliding oval at British Columbia University and an athletes' village at Silver Creek. In Whistler, a 4,000-room hotel and a 1,000-room village (to be used later for Whistler employees housing the 2010 Olympic village) south of the resort, and a center for bobsled, skeleton and luge. And a second convention center in Vancouver and Whistler, the \$600-million upgrade of the Sea-to-Sky Highway, and



likely a rapid transit link from Vancouver International Airport to downtown, and the capital cost near into the billions.

To pay for this, plus an estimated Games operating costs of \$1.3 billion, the federal and provincial governments are committed to giving \$400 million each. Hundreds of millions more will come from broadcast revenue, sponsorships, ticket sales and the modest income of economic spinoffs. Consultants' reports for the B.C. government estimate that the Games, and the expanded convention centre, will generate between \$6.1 billion and \$10.7 billion, create the

at GM Place, the bid announcement sparked a needed jolt of community spirit

expansion of 120,000 to 240,000 full-time jobs, and result in tax revenues of \$1.4 billion to \$2.4 billion. The economic scope and swirling wiggle-rooms of expense and revenue projections after a party target for critics.

It took less a few hours after the bid win for the first protest rally. Hanes Net Games, in spring up. Expect many more. The Games is a Vancouver tradition. But the Green party and the No Games 2010 Coalition have pledged to meet any overpaying,

scandal and potential conflict of interest at every turn. No Games spokesman Chris Shaw, a Los Angeles-born neuroscientist and associate professor at UBC, became a Canadian citizen in 1990. He took to heart his citizenship judge's admonition that he get "involved in the issues of the day."

Shaw has been frustrated because of his opposition to the Games, but he considers himself a defender of the fiscal and physical integrity of a province and city he loves. Pro-Olympic critics of moving a world-class capital festival. "What is the impact of an increased population on the quality of life for people

who are already here?" he asks. "Do we want to look like Montreal? I don't think so." His friends to see the years leading up to the Games to "pull back the curtain" on the city after he says will open and profit from the event. "I honestly think this is going to be the most scandal-ridden Games ever."

Yet throughout the Lower Mainland last week there seemed far more optimism than dread. Many are already cooking the Games for a recent, almost unexamined, history between the provincial and federal governments, after decades of confrontation. So, the goodwill is greeted by the worried flow of federal dollars, but the bid quest, under Poole, was also a life-renewing exercise in cohesiveness. Its drawing board included a range of interests, from federal appointees to First Nations representatives to residents of the blighted Downtown Eastside.

For Jim Greer, an outspoken activist and Vancouver councillor, it was the industry that turned him from Olympic skeptic to advocate. He predicts nothing less than a new Vancouver will be born of these Olympics. "We are really and truly a world within a city, with every possible background," he said as he walked in the "now dead pedestrianism" in the street below. "Now it's time to support, now it's time to come onside. It doesn't do any good to say behind the parade and try to kick up dust."

What would this new Vancouver look like? On some bid committee discussions given to the IOC, it shifts gracefully under a new white blanket of snow, a characterless bit of sterile fiction. It's hard to think of Vancouver as a winter city—even against a backdrop of snow-tipped mountains, even though every stretch from cañons to a ski peak, even when the Seals landed, looked like snowboarders headed across Burnaby into one of three North Shore ski mountains: Whistler or Vancouver. People grow palm trees in Vancouver, just to beg their rainwater in Southtown.

Stown's Whistler's stock in trade. The resort town was pumped with common purpose and ready to party months before the bid announcement. Vancouver is a different climate altogether: green and wet and very fractious.

Last week, though, all things seemed possible, even the kind of spiritual transformation from which Olympic cities grow. Expert forecasts in the forecast between now and 2010. If some occur on Canada Day, so much the better.

PATIENCE REWARDED

Whistler's backers have wanted the Games for decades, KEN MACQUEEN reports



Watson first saw the area's potential before he could even get there by road.

THE ROAD NORTH In its Vancouver to Whistler is paved with good intentions, but not nearly enough passing lanes. The Sea-to-Sky Highway struts high above Howe Sound, past Bowen, Gibsons and Aqualia Island, past ferries and the stream and huge-bummed rags, past the chair-lifts of Shambhoo Falls and by road need climb high up the brooding face of the Stawicium Chief at Squamish. The view, all due to the first hour north of Vancouver, is a long view of the mountains, especially if your eyes stay on the road.

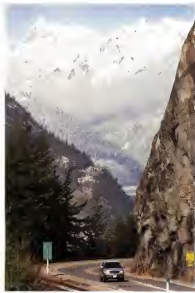
It's past Squamish, midway as the climb into the Coast Mountains to Whistler, where

the new reality of the 2000 Winter Olympics is already being written in stone. Summer traffic periodically grinds to a halt even close to the mountainside ice-blacked snow to widen the backroad road. The work is part of a \$600-million upgrade of the highway—an improvement the International Olympic Committee made a condition of donating the Vancouver bid to stage most of the skiing, sliding and Nordic events at the resort. The road is an act of expensive, little Whistler man because of Olympic dreams.

Long-time resident Garry Watson was among the first to glimpse the mountain's potential, as a magnificent June day in 1961. He was in the late young Vancouver lawyer and ski mountaineer, except as in the pre-summer season, that B.C. ski field for the 1968 Winter Olympics. The catalyst was the 1968 Olympics in the tiny, underdeveloped town of Squaw Valley, Calif. A group of Vancouver mountaineers and Canadian Olympic officials were supposed to replicate a Squaw Valley's success—once they found a mountain and built a town. Ascent of the Coast range yielded Mount Mezzanin, then little more than a scenic backdrop for a fishing lodge in nearby Alta Lake.

Watson thought he'd see what the fun was about. He took a train into the area, there being no roads. He followed an access road to a mountainous town, then made the final climb to the peak. "I didn't tell you, it was just beautiful," says Watson, now 69 and in active retirement. "The whole valley just opened up at your feet."

He climbed down and joined the local community. The wildly premature plan lost to B.C. for the Canadian continent, and the 1968 Games ultimately went to Grenoble, France. But the bid sparked a modest,



if haphazard, development of the mountain, renamed Whistler for the sound made by the local alpine mammals. "I wonder if Whistler would ever have properly realized its potential if it hadn't been for that very first bid," says Watson, who's been part of every bid since.

Whistler opened for skiing in 1966 and Olympic hopes continued to grow in the city. Most of the community's other pitch, to stage the 1972, 1980 and 1984 Games (which went to Calgary), were nowhere. It came tantalizingly close, though, in 1968, when it was the Canadian bidder for the

What has already begun on a \$600-million upgrade of the narrow Sea-to-Sky highway

1976 Winter Olympics. Whistler then was still a modest weekend ski hill, says Watson, sitting in his kitchen, flipping through a copy of that early bid book. Out his front door is a view of the peak of Whistler that first drew him here. The back window looks over Nita Lake. He bought this prime real estate from an appraiser in 1963 for \$387.50. The lot where the family home now stands is worth about \$700,000 today, he says. "It's insane." There's a smidge expected to

cross in Olympic economics. The 1976 bid book put the Olympic budget at \$200,000,000. Compared to the \$1.5 billion operating budget, \$600 million in facilities and security costs, hundreds of millions more in transportation and construction costs.

Whistler's 1976 bid was discussed after Montreal's canny mayor Jean Drapeau asked up the IOC's support for his bid, if it seriously discussed, 1976 Summer Olympics. Watson shrugs off the disappointment. He credits that bid with shaping today's pedestrian-friendly village at the base of Whistler and Blackcomb mountains. "It at least created the vision of what the village could be," he says. The race of Olympic bid books, as any coach knows, proved an excellent teacher.

The Whistler area where the 2000 Games is by definition a world class place. It's the only ski resort in North America, and one of just three in the world, to annually draw more than two million visitors. It's consistently rated among the world's best winter resorts. It annually generates more than \$1 billion in tourism revenues (about 11 per cent of the provincial total), not bad for a town with a permanent population of less than 10,000. For many long-time residents, like John Grillo, 49, owner of Zeeva's and The Out On, two of the local ethnic restaurants in the town, the Olympics are a somewhat scary new place in the resort's history. He was a 16-year-old boy who stepped off a bus with his sister in 1974. Though he's worked elsewhere, including a mountain resort in Montana and Expo 86 in Vancouver, he was drawn back to Whistler. "We built a community," he says with pride. "You don't get a chance to do that very often."

Whistler's very success—and with it a near-certain average detached house price of more than \$1 million—has caused some to question if winning the Olympics is more good than bad for the town. Grillo and his associates in the business community say the Games will keep Whistler on the forefront of the competition for some tourism dollars. "It's a very little crowd out of this," says Grillo. "So far Whistler—the town's marketing and recreation area—plans to introduce Olympic focused advertising, campaigns, though the Games are almost seven years away. Advice from other Olympic resorts is 'to use that whole seven year period,' says Michele Cornejo Thompson, community-



Although hopes for the Olympics seemed premature decades ago (above), by 1996 Whistler was a world-class winter resort (left) and eventually won the bid



trans manager for Tourism Whistler. "If you're going to get the tourism benefits, you need to capitalize on this season as the season comes."

Even giant Intrans Corp., the operator-developer of the two mountains and Whistler's largest employer, doesn't see the 17-day event as a slam-dunk money maker, but as a long-term investment. The resort will rent its mountain facilities to Olympic

organizers for a still-undetermined sum, reported to be in the \$10-million to \$30-million range. Intrans's Dave Brownlie, senior vice president of business for Whistler Blackcomb, said the resort will "whirlwind" the benefits for the community, though, are already apparent, says Brownlie, a Whistler resident for 15 years. The exclusive bid committee crowned Whistler's

spirit and focus, he says. "We're also better off in the community today because of it."

For all their enthusiasm, neither Brownlie nor Grinke nor Watson have ever been to a Winter Olympics. In Watson's case, he was waiting for the Games to come to him. He first imagined them from a mountaintop, who knew they'd take 50 years to arrive? Rather like the road to the village, it's been one hell of a ride.

THE LEGACY OF CALGARY

The Winter Games of 1988, says BRIAN BERGMAN, benefited Canadian athletes across the spectrum



CATHARINE LE MAY-DON was one of those who gained from what Calgary built

an example of success she helped bolster last week's West Coast bid. The University of Calgary campus boasts not only the \$38-million Olympic Oval, but the Fisher David Bauer Arena, home to both Canada's men's and women's hockey teams. Canada Olympic Park, on the city's western edge, provides superb venues for bobsled, luge and skeleton, as well as its jumping, alpine and Nordic skiing, snowboarding and biathlon.

The Calgary facilities have become a training and competition arena for thousands of winter athletes from Canada and abroad. They also played no small role in turning around Canada's Olympic fortunes. From a disappointing 13th-place showing in Calgary, with only five medals and no gold, Canada finished fourth overall in Salt Lake City last

year, winning 17 medals, including six gold. Legacy was always the watchword for Frank King, a Calgary citizen who served as chairman and CEO of the 1988 Games. Staged with the corporate integrity and fervent volunteerism for which Albertans are renowned, the Games turned a surplus of more than \$260 million, of which nearly \$100 million was earmarked as a permanent endowment to be administered by the Calgary Olympic Development Association (CODA). The endowment fund, which now stands at \$148 million, generates about \$9 million in interest annually. A third of that sum is handed out in annual grants to 12 national winter sports organizations, and the remainder is used to maintain and improve the original Olympic venues, and build and operate new ones. The result? "Alberta and Canada have become regular stops on the world-class sporting scene," says King, who's in the investment business and acted as a senior advisor to the Vancouver Olympic bid.

The legacy continues to grow. Over the past two years, CODA has bankrolled the construction of a \$100,000 superpipe for snowboarders, a \$1.6-million gymnastics centre for athletes of all stripes, and a \$4.2-million ice house, designed to help sliding sports competitors like world champion skeleton racer Michelle Kelly. CODA is currently lobbying governments and the private sector to support a proposed \$260-million Canadian Centre for Sport Excellence, intended to provide athletes with everything from on-site accommodations to ready access to sports physicians and therapists. "It isn't always the best athlete, but rather the best-prepared athlete, who wins," says CODA president John Mills. "The worst thing you can do is send us ill-prepared athletes and expect them to bring home medals."

Now, more than one million people visit Canada Olympic Park annually, including thousands of youngsters who come to learn how to ski or snowboard. At the Oval each year, an estimated 55,000 snowboarders play modes free to slide along the same ice where Le May-Don perfected her craft. And there's the olive plate that comes with hosting an event like the Olympics, something no nation of Vancouver and Whistler will experience. "The Games raise your level of what you can do to a world level," says King. "It becomes part of your image and reflects in the nature of the people in your community. There is nothing quite like it."

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NO WAY TO TREAT AN ATHLETE

Top performers desperately need more support, writes JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

EVERY GOOD celebration comes with a price. The larger-than-expected bar bill at the end of the night, the cold down of a living room filled with expired and dirty dishes, the killer hangover after the champagne toast. For the Canadian Olympic Committee and organizers of the Vancouver-Whistler bid for the Winter Games in 2010, the collective source of dry throats and throbbing temples is the country of the host they've taken on. It's not just the hassle of juggling a showpiece event while the world and on-air media representatives look on. Now they have to learn to deal with the burden of a nation's expectations.

Salt Lake City gave Canadians an awful lot to cheer about. A record haul of 17 medals, including five-gold, gold in speed skating, men's and women's hockey and giant slalom skiing. But history was not so kind in Montreal 1976 or Calgary in 1988—the first two Olympics that Canada hosted. In fact, the Great White North holds the dubious distinction of being the only host country to never fail to put the podium. And while Canadian sports officials are excited about gaining home advantage for 2010, they are also worried that we might be setting ourselves up for another disappointment. No body wants to be a three-time loser.

"When Canadian athletes do well, it's the exception—they survive despite the system," says Marianne McIsaac, who won three Olympic golds and a bronze, and eight world championship medals, as a member of the Canadian women's rowing team between

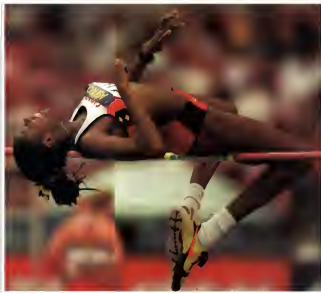
1989 and 2006. "Athletes now simply don't get the support they need." Funding for high-performance sports was drastically slashed during the fiscal crunch of the mid-1990s. And while money has been latching back up, sports advocates say the damage to Canada's chances for future success has already been done, even though Salt Lake City temporarily quelled the chaos of disaster that arose after a disastrous Sydney Summer Games in 2000. There, the hosts, in a country with 11 million fewer people than Canada, cleared up, winning 58 medals, including 16 golds. Canada got just three golds and a total of only 14 medals—eight fewer than in 1994.

The difference, say critics, is money. Australia spends almost four times as much as Canada, in total, on high-performance sports. The United States, Britain, France and most other Olympic powerhouses also spend significantly more per athlete. "When I started competing, I didn't worry about the Australian or the British. Those two countries were easy to beat," says McIsaac. "Now they're both doing very well on rowing."

The COC has never stated targeting funds at sports and athletes with the greatest chance for success. And following the lead of other countries, Canada now offers incentives for women—\$45,000 for Olympic gold, \$40,000 for silver, and so on, down to \$10,000 for eighth place. The new standard for inclusion on the Olympic team is a world top-12 finish in an athlete's chosen event, up from 16th. "We believe that Canadians de-

mand results and we've set unrealistic targets in order to achieve them," says Mark Lowry, executive director, sports, for the COC. But despite a massive \$5 million a year funding boost from the federal government, Canada's elite athletes remain poor cousins to their counterparts. "We need an additional \$50 to \$60 million a year to really compete in both the Summer and Winter Games," says Lowry. "That's what it will take just to level the playing field."

So, far, there is little indication that governments and corporations are ready to dig that deep into their pockets. And while



hopes for a Scrooge-like epiphany spring normal, the athletes struggle on, finding their dreamers part-time jobs and drawing money from the Bank of Mom and Dad. "At the beginning of the season, I don't know how I make ends meet," says Nicole Forrester, a world top-20 coxed high jumper with aspirations to wear the Maple Leaf next summer in Athens. The 26-year-old from Aurora, Ont., is now Canada's oldest Olympian, 800 "senior only" athletes—a designation that comes with an \$1,100-a-month stipend (for 600 junior or development-level athletes get \$300 a month). "I live month-to-month,"

she says, "waiting for the cheque to come." This year, Forrester commuted more than 60 Canadian companies looking for additional financial support. None of them stepped up, although she did ultimately find \$15,000 in sponsorship with the help of friends and family—primarily from major sports gear Magna International. Next year, she estimates she will need to raise at least \$36,000 more to prepare for the Olympic Life Finals One two runs, high-performance athletes need constant training and training, say to co-ops and you're likely to finish back inside peck with Jacques Villon

Ranked worldwide in the top 20, Forrester lives "month to month."

more. "To be able to compete on an elite level, you need to be able to afford athletic development, pay your coach and training fees, buy nutritional supplements, travel to international events," says Forrester. "All of this running around for money is a huge distraction."

Some private fundraising foundations are trying to fill the gaps, appealing to businesses and individuals who are able to forgo patronage of the elite. The Sea You in Athlete Fund, a Toronto-based athlete support group, unleashed a shock campaign last winter, using the age of handball as a usually reserved for the plight of starving children as the redemptive. In one, swimmer Lisa Trice-Morris is pictured in gray, holding a cardboard sign reading, "Please help feed my passion." Nearly 70 per cent of Canadian athletes live below the poverty line, the group claims. "We didn't do it to pull at the heartstrings, but I think a lot of people were very shocked to hear that a lot of our athletes struggle to get by. We need to think they're being taken care of," says Jane Ross, the foundation's founder and executive director.

Sea You in Athlete is aiming to raise \$5 million by next summer, and has already begun the process of fundraising over \$1 million between \$3,000 and \$10,000 to athletes and teams. Ross, who also runs a sports marketing and promotion firm, says that in Canada there is a duty to put their money where their national pride is. "People who care about their kids want role models, they want heroes. And when our athletes do well, they give back to society," says Ross. "I don't think any of them should have to leave a part-time job."

What's not clear, however, is whether most Canadians feel the same way. Sure, we're happy enough to fill the bars and arenas—cheer on a Dominican Bayview's winning hockey team, but the warm glow of success quickly fades. Joan Harper, director of the Research Centre for Sport in Canadian Society at the University of Ottawa, says polls suggest that our most enduring sports funding priorities remain the local, main and athletic clubs. "In the context of funding," he says, "Canadians are more concerned with grassroots sports. High-performance athletes come second."

Forrester's recently revamped sports policy tries to steer that course, with the local



Gold medal winners Lisa Hildner (above, right), with rowing partner Kathleen Heddle, in 1996, and Orser in 1994, do well despite the system.

share of new sports money in the last budget—\$60 million over five years—going to encourage widespread participation, rather than Olympic dreams. But everyone involved—coaches, athletes, health advocates, gold-medalists—seems to agree that both ends of the system need more money, because today's soccer players are tomorrow's World Cup squad. Ultimately, says Harnett, the debate must be backed up with more action. "Things like the two hockey golds in Salt Lake City are magic moments, and our politicians reap the benefits," he says. "But what troubles me is that even if our politicians seem to recognize the need for more funding, they don't seem to be in any hurry to do something about it."

But money is not a panacea for all our sporting ills. Alan Baumann, who won two swimming golds for Canada in the 1954 Los Angeles Olympics and set world records during his eight-year career, says this country needs to up its ante, paying money and money into select minor and amateur events. "Ultimately, we can't be everything to everyone," says Baumann, who is now the can-

adian director of the government-run Queensland Academy of Sport in Brisbane, Australia. He argues that the basis for Australia's recent success is its emphasis on the long-term development of elite core senior sports. And the creation of a national network of race training and development centres that offer ready access to equipment, coaches, nutritionists and therapists has made it easier for promising young athletes to reach their full potential. Canada's current sports system—most programs don't even have full-time coaches—needs to be rebuilt from the ground up. "We used to be at the forefront of having an innovative, forward-driven system," says Baumann. "But we've failed to keep up with the times."

In the end, that's why Canada's athletic community now runs so hard for a successful Vancouver-Winter bid. The Calgary Games left the country with a legacy of infrastructure—so-called tracks, speed-sliding oval, a world class Nordic centre—that has already paid off in medals. Now, another Olympics is seen as a much-needed catalyst to force governments, the public, ath-

letes and sports administrators to start digging from the same legacy book. "Having the Olympics again will provide us with a focus, an opportunity to raise the profile of the issue, a chance to mobilize the entire sports system to lobby for increased funding," says Paul DeWille, the federal secretary of state for physical activity and sport. "Once the public becomes mobilized the government reacts." In cabinet, the file tends to "fall off the table," he says, because although almost everyone is in favour of more money, there's no perceived urgency.

But the spectre of 16 days in February 2010 going by without *O Canada* blaring through its adjectives and the Maple Leaf rising to the millions might push it enough to spark immediate fire and politicians. And for athletes who will then, the support for them, the coaches and the sports themselves has to start right now. "There's no point in putting on the best Games in the world," says DeWille. "If our athletes aren't out there on the ice and snow winning."

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CHRÉTIEN'S LATEST PLOY

The PM, reveals Peter C. Newman, will reform the Senate to stymie Paul Martin

NO SICKMAN worked ever expended each star and woman as are trying to politically contain his success.

The escalating feud between the winged incumbent, Jean Chrétien, and his tax-payer heir, Paul Martin, will erupt into new bitterness as the Liberals' mid-summer caucus, in North Bay, Ont., from Aug. 19 to 21. Unfired by the former leader that his successor Ottawa, the Prime Minister and his own loyalty have been selling a dramatic play he will announce at the morning, aimed directly at weakening Martin's future political leverage.

The issue is the Senate, which has boxed gentlemen of Canadians who discuss that

There hasn't been a feud like it since the 1960s when the early 1960s.

institution as nothing more than a red velvet rug for political patronage. In some circles, it is the beneficiary of personal favouritism, displaced by ambitious prime ministers, anxious to reward their friends and supporters.

Presently, Senate appointments are the sweetest plum any PM has to offer, and to rob Martin of that exclusive privilege would considerably weaken his base and undermine his personal power base. Narrowing Martin's freedom to be his own man when he finally

takes over the Liberals and eventually the government has been the departing PM's obsession since he lost control of the party to the former finance minister. There hasn't been a feud like it since John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson tried to kill each other off back in the early 1960s, like two old mountain goats with locked horns on the edge of a political cliff. But that was excusable, because they belonged to different parties. This time, it's Canada's so-called Conservative Party that is publicly coming itself apart, driven by Chrétien's inescapable bias for his own successful lieutenant.

The country has yet to face the usual implications of the fact that on Sept. 21,



when all the delegates for the Nov. 15 leadership convention will have been officially chosen, it will become clear that at least three-quarters of them are loyal Martinists (Of the Liberals' 171 MPs, some 135 have already declared for Martin, while in the Senate Martin enjoys a solid majority of the 64 Liberal members, including those appointed by Chrétien himself).

This means that from Sept. 21 on, the country will in effect have two prime ministers: the official one (due to retire next February) will be his faithful ally, and the real one, who will be brought to his predecessor's remarkable machine. With no one at the top blessed by a dear mandate to govern, we will have no leader at all. That may sound like an improvement, but it's not. We would have nobody to blame.

One example of the inevitable paralysis: The GPs will not be able to choose from candidates for the next general election, expected in 2004, because Chrétien might refuse to sign nomination papers for the

Martin would see his political and personal power considerably undermined.

pro-Martin choices, while Martin would not want to be surrounded by Chrétien's groupies scrambling to preserve his legacy. (A separate delaying factor is that Parliament's post-caucus vote distribution, due to give B.C. and Alberta each two new seats, while Ontario gets three, is not due to take effect until at least July 21, 2004, effectively postponing Paul Martin's post-convention election off well beyond Chrétien's announced departure date.)

The situation is bizarre, even for Canada. It is becoming increasingly clear that Jean Chrétien expects to rule from the political grave, so to speak. He hopes to become history's first "posthumous" prime minister, using every mudbrick he can dream up to make Martin's tenure difficult, if not impossible. This has been evident in the current PM's sudden championing legislation that will severely reduce donations to political

parties, curtailing the Liberals' most of all. Coming to its end at the end of his 10 years in power, it was one of the PM's last-minute capriciousities, to be sure. Now, Paul Martin will have to suffer the consequences. More serious has been the Jean Chrétien/John Manley strategy of tying up a large slice of federal spending and taxes for the next five years by bringing down multi-year budgetary measures that have created a fiscal multiplier for the incoming administration. Commenting on the Feb. 18 federal budget, Canadian Alliance MP Normie Samson said Chrétien is clearly looking to set his successor's own agenda before passing on the leadership. "The budget is designed to ensure that Jean Chrétien's fingerprints will be all over every budget that Paul Martin ever brings down," he predicted.

The new Chrétien strategy to be unveiled in North Bay will be the most direct blow to Martin yet. Beyond summer there will be an extended 10 Senate vacancies, and that's who will give Chrétien's reform initiative its teeth. He intends to start engineering it immediately. Chrétien plans to increase to his caucus that an essential element of his legacy will be Senate reform and that he intends to use the coming vacancies to lock down the process. No longer would senators be appointed solely by prime ministerial discretion; instead, they would be distributed by provincial governments, with the stipulation that this will ensure louder regional voices in Parliament. The premises would provide: Orphans with choices, from which the appointments would be made. Apparently, Chrétien has already discussed the idea with Quebec Premier Jean Charest and Alberta's Ralph Klein, telling the Alberta CEO: "I'll give you the principle if you give me an acceptable answer." That would qualify as a welcome, if partial, reform. At the same time, the Chrétien initiative would saddle Martin with an awkward system only marginally useful as the traditionally uninvited Senate-to-award scenario, which incidentally, no preceding PM has used to merit cynical derision: that Jean Chrétien himself. Yet as a reform-minded new PM, Martin could hardly deny resort to the same quo.

It's a brilliant ploy. What a pity that Jean Chrétien didn't apply the same creative genius to governing Canada for the past decade, that he is now expending to enslave his successor. He might have been a great prime minister. ■



FROM BOOM TO BUST

How the markets came to crash—and why Canada looks good in the future

Maclean's columnist Donald Coxie, chairman and chief strategist of Chicago's Harris Investment Management Group and the chairman of Jones Newland Investments in Toronto, is one of North America's most influential institutional investors. In *The New Reality of Wall Street* (McGraw Hill), Coxie provides a trenchant and witty explanation of how the U.S. economy came to be caught in its current doldrums, and a survival guide for investors trying to divine the future. And in a book that's warning in its criticism of American capitalism's most excesses, Coxie—a native of Vancouver, Ore.—offers praise for ethically minded Canadian economic policies.

CANADIAN INVESTORS had a rough time of it during the early to mid 1990s. They were forced to invest 80 per cent of their portfolios in U.S. equity at a time the

Canadian stock market was in an underdog position compared to the U.S. and most European markets. Personal income taxes were among the highest in the G7, and the economy underperformed that of the U.S. These were the consequences of decades of low-spend policies. As if these weren't enough reasons for Canadians to look south in envy, their currency responded to mismanagement by sliding south. The loon is a drab bag, and that's just what the loonie did.

The good news is that the Canadian stock market is recovering. The Canadian dollar is recovering. Canadian stocks have recently outperformed U.S. stocks in this millennium, and I believe they will continue to do so. Canada has a wide range of fine share-dividend stocks, including its big banks and insurance companies and its leading oil and gas and mining companies. Meanwhile, Canada is way ahead of the United States in two very important leads

consistently runs trade surpluses with the U.S., the destination for 83 per cent of Canadian exports, and exports are now more than 43 per cent of Canadian GDP, among the highest in the world.

Canada has also benefited recently from having an independent central bank with a flatly stated mandate to control inflation. Governor David Dodge is on his way to being a global star in the maelstrom world of central banking.

Those positive factors are paying off. The Canadian dollar is recovering. Canadian stocks have recently outperformed U.S. stocks in this millennium, and I believe they will continue to do so. Canada has a wide range of fine share-dividend stocks, including its big banks and insurance companies and its leading oil and gas and mining companies.

Meanwhile, Canada is way ahead of the United States in two very important leads

of taxation. What many investors—including many Canadians—do not realize is that Canada has two tax advantages that outweigh almost all the nation's perceived disadvantages: a dividend tax credit that goes a long way to eliminating the double taxation of dividends, and no inheritance taxes.

Double taxation was used by the U.K. psychology and other go-go companies to justify their refusal to pay dividends. They argued that stockholders did far better when the corporation bought back its own stock in the open market, which drove up the stock price, giving shareholders capital gains at the low rate. This proved to be another example of a principle I learned years ago: "To invest every question there are answers that is clear, concise, coherent, and strong."

Why are rich stockholders worse off when management buys back stock? Because the really big winners are not the public owners of the company's shares, but the owners of tens of millions of stock options. The share buybacks are needed to prevent massive flooding of the market by the insiders when they exercise their options, and to support the stock price. Look at the most conspicuous cases of recent years, such as Nortel and Lucent. If they still had the money they spent buying their shares at prices 20, 30, or 60 times current levels, they would not be on the death-wish list.

Canadians too low mitigate the double taxation effect by granting a tax credit for 39 per cent of the dividend. The effect is that Canadians should have greater interest in reliable dividend-paying companies than do Americans. If most of the Canadian stockholders are contributing quality dividend payers, such as the banks, rather than banks. On inheritance, Canadians are not liable for estate taxes, but their estates are liable for capital gains taxes, since the deceased was deemed to have sold the stocks held at the time of death. From a standpoint, compared to the U.S., Canada is an expensive place to work but a cheap place to live. Many Canadians die in accidents they own in the southern United States, having retired to warmer climes. That can create estate tax problems. If the reader is in this category, he or she would be wise to get advice from U.S. tax professionals.

One other feature of Canadian investments is worth special mention. The Canadian equity market offers a wide range of income stocks, including oil and gas, energy, mining,

and other income streams. The best of these are splendid short-duration investments that have very attractive tax treatment. The U.S. market also offers tax-advantaged assets, but not to the extent available in Canada.

HISTORIANS MAY well conclude that the collapse of technology and telecom companies the greatest ever loss on the continent of capitalism. From 1985 to 1999, the yield from the financial environment was 100 per cent with undervalued high-tech stocks. Born curious never lived surprisingly without assets. But the collapse turned the financial environment from a source of wealth. Not only did it unleash a bear market that wiped out \$187 billion of wealth, it created an utterly unnecessary recession.

Those who blamed the capital markets to enrich themselves on a grand scale, while inflicting damage on the economy on a grand scale, are the most disappointing exemplars of capitalist morality in history. They profited the means of risk taking and equity entrepreneurship, but they designed their compensation programs to enrich themselves in the way big-city politicians used to ensure

of sustained growth. That wealthy fishing economy in the rest of the industrial world. It's already in its 19th-century economic and financial stage since 1990. Global economic recovery should be in the order of 2003.

The War on Terror will take many years and many lives. The United States can't win a war against terror groups and terror organizations, because terror groups will pull back from their overseas bases, and so will of course the global economy would be a global economy in a global period in which terrorist activity was small-scale. On the other hand, terrorists capture weapons of mass destruction and murder hundreds of thousands of millions, then the consequences for financial markets and the global economy would be catastrophic. But moral and ethical to raise the question in public? Is there any bridge for creation against the economic consequences of a nuclear explosion in New York or Chicago? Should investors think about the unthinkable?

Successful investing is about trying to discern future reality and then deciding how much to pay for it. We may have entered a



THOSE WHO ABUSED the capital markets to enrich themselves on a grand scale, while inflicting damage on the economy on a grand scale, are the most disappointing exemplars of capitalist morality in history

their personal wealth from the personalities of equity. Investors own what they did—and are self-driven. In fact, he believes that the world should be able to identify the interests with the stockholders.

In the coming years of fallout from the endless investing of billions, and bankruptcies, we will have continued results on capitalism itself. We will be told that some new economic system is needed to protect us from it. In fact, what's needed is accounting reform—and that has begun. And another step came about Wall Street: much that overvalued companies, accounting, a emerging. What's needed most is in a vote against against those who carried fortunes in stock options or positions in companies whose shares prices were on the verge of collapse.

At some point, the U.S. economy will survive the downturn by moving back to the path

period in history where the risks are unquantifiable. Chances are, few of us will see such a beautiful confidence of sustained growth, falling inflation, falling interest rates, strong economy, and strong stock prices in the 1990s offshoot again in our lifetimes. But we do need to invest in our lifetimes, even if there are serious and serious stressors out there, and even if they are serious stressors to weapons of mass destruction.

When, in *The Lord of the Rings*, Frodo looks at the threat of the Ring, he says to Gandalf "It will not be long before it has happened in my time." "So did," Gandalf replies, "as do all who live in such times. But that is not for them to decide. All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given us." Our time with wisdom.

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THE CPP COMFORT FACTOR

Sensible investments and leaving politics behind gave us a sound pension plan

LAST ISSUE, we looked at how Americans extended their Social Security system from a pure pay-as-you-go plan to a partially funded plan modelled on the Canada Pension Plan. The U.S. politicians who led the reform were partially outwitted by government technical experts who argued that the plan's generic cash flows were uninteresting. Like the CPP's, for instance, returns through long-term bonds, but its relatively short bonds. Result: the long-term solvency of Social Security has been systematically undermined.

Canada's plan would also have achieved inadequate returns except for the intervention of a little-known advisory committee three decades ago. Without that change in thinking, the CPP would have been in crumbling before the reforms that came in the 1990s. The original account design in the mid-1960s by Ottawa's superintendent of insurance, KIL McGee, was brilliant. Like so many accounts, it was all Scottish descent. (Scotland is famed for producing honest and courageous accountants. McGee had all the genes: he was even on the Canadian Olympic rifle team.)

When Ottawa and the provinces agreed to a national plan in 1963-1964, Quebec refused to join, writing its own plan. From the beginning, Quebec's own fund's cash flows on the basis of provincial investment funds, which it used to invest not just in Quebec bonds, but in the entire. The other provinces agreed to join and let Ottawa manage the funds. The deal provided that the plan would invest each province's contributions in 30-year interest-bearing bonds by the province. The longest rate would be the same for all: the rate on "long-term federal bonds." That way, Newfoundland would pay interest on its borrowing from Alberta. The only provinces on an opening and convinced Ottawa to come making long-term bonds, leaving that sector of the market to the province.

By 1973, virtually the only "long-term federal bonds" left outstanding were a tiny

issue of three per cent perpetual bonds. They rarely traded and institutions ignored them. Result: the yield on these securities would be below those available on open-market long-term provincial bonds, so the provinces were borrowing at a bargain rate. Provincial treasurers were laughing all the way to the bank. That was when the CPP Advisory Committee, a representative institution advisory group, got involved. When its members, including me, criticized the fund's investment returns, the Health and Welfare bureaucrats admitted that their response was to open up a basket plan, not to the capital markets.

The committee, appointed by the minister, included some people who had that knowledge. A subcommittee issued a long report on the then minister, Marc Lalonde.

THE FINANCIAL services members advising Ottawa were needed by industry leaders who considered the CPP a socialist venture

pointing out that the plan was suffering because of inadequate returns. Quebec's market-based returns were far higher. Lalonde readily agreed to the committee's recommendations, changed the regulations for interest rate calculations—and the fund's government return rate climbed sharply.

The committee then did another study, leading to a recommendation that CPP could be split up into three: Social Security program in the industrial world had that highly controversial provision. Lalonde was delighted, because the suggestion came in 1973 when he also had responsibility for the Status of Women portfolio and it was International Women's Year. The resulting legislation turned out to be one of the most significant acts to protect women's rights at the time, and a model adopted widely

Why read these stories now?

Because they illustrate an aspect of the Canadian approach to governing. Most Canadians are instinctively respectful of government. (So many are so respectful, but that's for another column.) The CPP Advisory Committee that included some small-c conservatives devoted its time and skills to making a universal government plan work better—not in schemes to scupper it. Those of us on the committee from the financial services industry were subject to occasional scolding from industry leaders who considered the CPP a socialist venture, but the critics had an effect on our performance. (This tradition continues under John McCreighton, formerly of Nicotin Farms, who is doing a first job running the CPP Investment Board today—I've told the World Bank members of the "gold standard.") Result: the CPP performed well, and it replaced the de Paul Martin arrangement in the 1990s. This retooling was necessary because of the collapse in the birth rate, which was expected in the 1960s.

American have more trouble making social programs work because of deep ideological divisions. Hillary Rodham Clinton, a discredited leftist intellectual who believed that government could do things far better than the private sector, tried to argue a universal health-care system as the country, using a classic argument of her own choosing. Her effort to build a national program without seeking consensus failed miserably. On the other side of the political spectrum, many right-wing politicians like New Gingrich have a visceral suspicion of government. When in power, they show no desire to find ways to make government programs they want to survive them or scrap them.

Canada and Britain have the best funded universal pension programs because politicians have checked their ideological impulses at the door. Margaret Thatcher was the author of the reforms that made the U.K. system Europe's best. Even that remarkable right-winger realized leaders had to abandon their ideological if the problems of an aging society were to be met.

Don't be alarmed by reading about social insurance programs abroad. In Canada, public/private co-operative works. ☐

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GOOD MORNING, HEARTACHE

The singer-songwriter talks to BRIAN D. JOHNSON about the exquisite pain of her art

IT'S HARD TO THINK OF a woman who sings so explicitly about sex and love and pain as Lucinda Williams. She's been called the best American songwriter of her generation. She's also been called the Keith Richards of country music, perhaps because of the seductive sound she gives to the lyrics "dirty words and kerosene," or the way her music steers a narcotic line between raw sensuality and lacy sweetness. But heartbreak, not heroin, has been her drug of choice. Unlike the smoldering Rolling Stones, Williams is a road warrior who wears her scars under her skin—no 50, she looks younger than her age. And because she's forged her career so resolutely outside the mainstream, charting a unique course between country and blues, rock and folk, comparisons seem pointless.

Williams's music is a landscape of love lost to suicide, millenarianism and betrayal. But the gaps between the pain—with surgical words and a sultry voice that transcends melancholy to find an ardently seductive.

Born in Louisiana, Williams grew up in a Southern Gothic delta of music, poetry and melodrama. Her father is Arkansas poet Miller Williams, who read to Bill Clinton's second inauguration. One of her first great loves was Massachusetts poet Frank Stanford, a charismatic poet and philanderer who ended his life with a pistol in 1978—shortly after sending Lucinda flowers, then coming home to find his estranged wife consoling roses with his live-in mistress. Lucinda wrote two eulogies to Stanford about Stanford's death, *Poems and Sweet Old World*, both of which wouldn't be released for 13 years.

For much of her career, as the redneck prodigal trying to package her, Williams enjoyed an obscure cult status among musicians and a loyal core of fans. But she scored a breakthrough in 1994 with her Grammy-winning CD *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road*. She was another Grammy for Best Female in 2001, when she was named songwriter of the year by *Time* magazine. Now, with her seventh album, *World Without Tears*, she's again earned critical heads, with

songs that range from dirty rock to country deep in soulful word. A couple of songs rockers—Righteous and Paul Lee Blending Fingers and Broken Guitar Strings—have even begun to get commercial radio play.

Williams is currently tooting as the opening act for Neil Young. After a show in Toronto we meet in her dressing room for an exclusive Canadian interview. Looking more rock 'n' roll than country, she wears tight, low-rise pants in maroon velvet brocade, a shimmer-y off-the-shoulder top, bubble gum-pink anklets and matching lipsticks. Her hair is an awful tangle of blond and black roots, the cyclonic heavy-lashed lightly tinted glasses. A tattoo of a two-headed snake, signed last summer, encircles one of her arms, which are slim and strong from playing guitar.

You've always split the difference between genres. With *Real Love* (Broken Fingers), are you moving more toward rock?

I've always been into that, in my head, but I just hadn't been able to figure out how to write a song like that.

It sounds like the classic Stones, but you said it was inspired by the Replacements.

That's who I was thinking of when I wrote the song. Of course I've been influenced by the Stones. I mean, who hasn't? But I was influenced by the Doors, the Band, Buffalo Springfield, Bob Dylan, Joni Sec, Dinosaur, the Lovin' Spoonful. The list goes on.

Why did you start singing country?

I never really bothered to define anything in terms of, "I'm going to be this or I'm going to be that." I just gathered around whatever I felt comfortable with. The roots of what I do are basically country and blues. But then I like to take that little root and branch off from it. Some of my early influences is a bad—my dad listened to John Coltrane, Ray Charles and Chet Baker. Then also Hank Williams and Lorena Lynn and Tammy Wynette. And I got into all the sit-

tenrock. I learned to play guitar in 1968. That was the height of the whole folk movement. There was this huge flood of music coming in. Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell, Jackson Browne. I was in the thick of it, absorbing it all. And I've always looked ahead. I don't want to stay stuck in one mode.

Do you feel pressure to do that?

There's no pressure whatsoever. I just got lucky with this record. It just so happened that I wrote some rock-type songs. Obviously, for whatever reason, symphony material ends up being more commercially viable. Next I might do a traditional country record.

There's a lot of pain in your songs. One might assume you're really unhappy.

Well, no. I got that a lot, but it surprises me because I don't really see the difference between the themes of my songs and the themes of Leonard Cohen's songs or Bob Dylan's songs or Neil Young songs. I don't know why that gets brought up with me.

Maybe because you make it so personal, so raw and intimate.

No, maybe that's what it is. But you kind of have to do that. What's the point of it otherwise? I'm an artist, and I'm about the art. Art is about self-expression.

So are you happy these days?

Well, I try to be. It's the same old...[sigh] it's the human condition, you know. We're living in a really troubled time right now. I don't think I'm really that different from most other people. I just talk about it more. I'm really into self-exploration and therapy and all that kind of stuff. I think it's crucial.

What kind of therapy?

I just mean in general. I don't have a therapist right now—I haven't found the right one. But I grew up in that kind of environment, surrounded by poets, and by analytical minds. I was writing poems and stories and things from the time I was six. My dad was



A NOBEL CLASS REUNION

The Pugwash Conference returns to its Nova Scotia roots

IT'S EARLY afternoon and the tide is just going out at Pugwash, N.S., as Kirby Langille shows the location from the veranda of the white, century-old wooden home. "The perfect place to sit and think," says the lodge's custodian. So, up to the second floor, where a lobster boat hangs back into port. The building's former owner, Cyrus Eaton, Pugwash's most famous native son and an industrialist who made two fortunes in the United States, used to sit here staring out to sea. He had more on his mind than profit margins; the city really *was* his home, and his mind was also a humanitarian. At the height of the Cold War, he invited some of the world's most prominent thinkers and scientists to put their feet up in this out-of-the-way village (population 700, 100 km north of Halifax), and talk about nuclear disarmament. There must have been something about the tranquil, fireside view that 1957 meeting fulfilled an inner wish: to leave home, but not really. For Eaton was 56 years old when the Pugwash Conference on Science and World Affairs received the Nobel Peace Prize.

On July 20, the Pugwash Conference returns to the place where it was born for the first time in 44 years. The visit will be historic for Joseph Rotblat, the 94-year-old British nuclear physicist who attended the historic original session. "It's a bit lonely now," says the Polish-born scientist who shared the Nobel Prize with the conference. He and nuclear activist prodigy Pugwash, Rotblat is the last surviving signatory of a group, including Bertrand Russell and Albert Einstein, that issued a famous 1955 manifesto demanding governments from both sides of the Iron Curtain agree to renounce nuclear weapons.

That vision also laid the groundwork for Pugwash. After it was issued, Eaton wrote



Rotblat (sewing) attended the first event, hosted by Eaton (middle) in 1957

to Russell, offering to host and banish the first disarmament conference at his summer home. It was not as odd a pining as it may have seemed at first glance: Eaton had studied theology and even had become a Baptist minister. He then made an uneasy but shilling shift under the tutelage of John D. Rockefeller, but never lost interest in academic discourse. "He was just as likely to go read a book of philosophy as a balance sheet," says Patrick Boyer, a former MP who is writing Rotblat's biography.

A millionaire by 27, Eaton went broke during the Great Depression but then built another fortune in steel, oil, railways, oil, and a host of other businesses. All while, he kept an eye on the bigger picture: for years he urged academics from across the continent to his "Thinkers' Lodge" in Pugwash to consider the costs of world affairs. Hosting an anti-nuclear meeting seemed like a natural next step. For example, Eaton, who died at age 95 in 1979, didn't share the capitalist world's obsession to the U.S.S.R.

Rotblat could have serious misgivings to Pugwash for the first time, where the other 21 scientists—from the United States, Soviet Union, Japan, Britain, Canada, Australia, Austria, China, France and Poland—were

gathering. "It was a bit of a gamble," he recalls. "We were even divided in the West about the Cold War. We were worried the whole thing would end in disagreement." Instead, the participants agreed that governing nuclear war was more important than politics or geography. Initially, Western power brokers dismissed the group as a bunch of idealists unable to make a difference in the real world. But by 1959, the annual event had outgrown Pugwash—although small workshops continued to be held there over the years—and moved to 60 bigger centres where, in behind-the-scenes lobbying, symposiums and demonstrations, according to the Nobel Prize presentation "kept the vision of a nuclear-free world alive."

Many of the 100 scientists registered for the 50th Pugwash Conference will be seeing Rotblat's Lodge for the first time when the buses drive down Pugwash's Gable-geared streets. Not Giovanni Benicovich, Eaton's god-son, who was just 21 when he attended the 1959 session. Now 65, the retired nuclear physicist who lives in Hanover, Ore., says he's looking forward to his return. "There's a feeling of accomplishment that we've done," he says. "But also a sense of frustration that the threat of nuclear war still hangs over us." Which is precisely why the movement, nearly half century later, continues to be relevant. □



ANOTHER KIND OF ACTION

Forget Arnie—two indie flicks offer a blast of summer heat for grown-ups

THE GOOD THING about a bad action movie is that it lets the mad free to wonder I didn't have high hopes for *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines*. In fact, I expected the worst—because James Cameron, who made the first two Terminator movies, decided to direct the third, and because Arnold Schwarzenegger has been promoting it with the dogmatic zeal of an agricultural evangelist. *Terminator 3* is a crap mall.

Sure enough, even before the end of the movie's first marathon chase sequence—with Arnold dishing from the back of a massive crane truck that's slowing through telephone poles—my attention began to slip. I found myself marvelling at the paradox of how such spectacular destruction could be so banal. Personally, I began to look back on James Cameron as some kind of genius for choreographing action with finesse. In technical director John Dan Mowat (*T-3*), I saw an audacious model of creative, a movie-maker rich in ideas and effects.

The new link in the franchise is that Arnold's nemesis is female. A blind red queen trilled out in Roddo Drive leather, cyborg Y-Y (Scarlett Leckie) is a renaissance on a mission to kill John Connor (Nick Stahl)—who's now 18, and still determined to lead the resistance after machines rule over the world in the wake of *Terminator 2*. Arnold, out as the more primitive T-300 cyborg, comes back from the future to save him. As you watch these two Aynian machines try to annihilate each other, you realize the beauty of robot characters—they make violence of *bad acting*. They also allow a level of savagery that might otherwise seem offensive, such as ripping a victim out of the wall and heaving her a well-deserved warms.

T-3 seems forked-up, especially in the make of *The Matrix*. Without wit or irony, the conventional actions of the Terminator franchise as laid bare, like the moral skeletons that glaze through Arnold's fanged cyber-flesh. And the movie culminates in an Overkill showdown that drives right into the film's doctrine of permanent war: "Never stop fight-

ing—the battle has just begun," Schwarzenegger's closing career may be on its last legs—with *T-3*, he's not just back, he's backsliding. But if Arnold might once Republican candidate for governor of California, governing him to be the first machine elected president, the new sequel could take place on a whole other plane of make-believe.

With each thought running through the mind, *T-3* doesn't offer much in the way of escape. My kind of summer action movie is one in which characters face their emotional monsters and turn apart each other's psyches—gruffly and word toward social critique at a luxurious country house. That's more or less what happens in both *Swimming Pool* and *XXIX*, two small, independent films about transatlantic romance.

Written and directed in English by French director François Ozon, *Swimming Pool* stars Charlotte Rampling as Sarah, a famous English actress. She accepts an offer from her London publisher (Charles Dance) to use his empty villa in the south of France as a writing retreat. And she's just settling in when her tranquility is shattered by the



Rampling plays an indolent nymphlet who clashes with a famous mystery writer

unexpected arrival of the publisher's French daughter, Julie (Léa Seydoux). Sarah's style creates an ironic tension between the two women. Sarah quivers under, and after their wryly takes over and she begins to turn Julie into material for a new novel. Then, as life and an enigmatic murder heading traps, the mystery writer is plunged into a real-life murder.

That is the kind of movie that gives people arguing about what really happened. I tend to skip over the small details—I mean, have you tried using your laptop on a patio in the sun? In the end, however, more of that matters. What about *Swimming Pool* so moving is not the over-stimulated plot, it's the obscure reason between the aspiring girl and the little older woman. Julie, who spends her days naked by the pool, faces her sexuality like a delicate tugging with a nymph-like, but it's Rampling who becomes the film's real object of desire, as Sarah gradually sheds her reserve, and her doubts. Playing a mystery writer, as she did in *Chloe's Under the Sand* (2001), Rampling seems to contain the entire realm of the scripts in these sleek, grey-green eyes.

XXIX, in the title indicates, is a pure relationship movie. Although it's American, it tells even more French than *Swimming Pool*. For then, another writer-director Austin Chick points to contemporary French as a model. From Claire Dineen to Erick Zeman, as his inspiration—along with 70s gems such as *Carol*—knowledge. The story begins in 1992, as a deeply amorous married couple (Mark Ruffalo) tackles into a midlife crisis with two college girls, Ben (Matt Stone) and Tara (Kathleen Robertson). Cakes filled in love with Sara, but his failure to commit eventually splits them up. Better acquainted, Flash forward 10 years. Cakes, who's still in love with an agency and lives with a sensible girlfriend, runs into his old flame. He can't help himself. And as everyone heads off for a weekend at a fabulous house in the Hamptons, we wait for the adultery to bite the fat.

Cast as a summer version of the arthouse model played in *One Crazy Summer* (2006), Ruffalo anchors the story with a maddening charm. But the centre of gravity shifts in the first act. And *XXIX*, which begins as a beach-house romp, transforms into a sensitive drama humming with insight—an action film about the mind of love. □



IN A MONTREAL GROOVE

The city's jazz festival satisfies all tastes, from populist to esoteric

THE POSTER for the 24th annual Montreal International Jazz Festival was illustrated with a painting of someone whose body, through a play of shadows, forms a map of the world. Nice trick. What was even more aggressive was a festival so inclusive that at no time suggested the same kind of global reach. Yet in Montreal, that kind of epic scale has become—inspired.

I was going to say "routine," but Montreal keeps avoiding that fate. Since next year marks the first quarter-century of Canada's biggest jazz festival, I was going to skip this year's edition (June 28 to July 6) and visit some other city's worthy jazz party, possibly Vancouver's. But one look at the program made Montreal impossible to miss. With 2,000 musicians playing in 500 concerts, three from outdoor venues, and an \$18-million budget, Montreal is bigger than enough to satisfy any taste, from the most populist to the most esoteric.

Are you, like the road-bugging public these days, sweet on crooners? Grammy-daffing Norah Jones was here. So was Holly Cole, for far-left rights ranting, and a raft of newcomers, from Peter Cincotti to Liza Wright to Vancouver's Michael Buble (jazz isn't your thing? You could see Eve Corio, Gino Vignelli, Ben Harper or Daniel Darc).

Then the duo groups that satidically complain the Montreal festival is lacking compared—fringe enthusiasts who insist only to smear genre experimentation, and Montreal musicians themselves—have less and less to complain about. Strange new sounds dominated a recently programmed series at the Concordogeyo Art Museum: Montreal bands were given their own series, too, where the pianist Jean Beaudet gave a playful, tightly logical performance that should mark a return to the prominence he enjoyed in the late 1980s. But the locals kept popping up in other venues, too, usually to excellent effect. I find the success of the Montreal bossanova duo Becca & Beethovenlele, but they

filled the cavernous Metropolis club two nights running, to near power to them.

The other shows by Montreal, almost all in smaller venues than the Metropolis, captured a local scene more vigorous than it's been in years. Much of that ferment revolves around the husband-and-wife team of Joel Miller and Christine Jensen, who transcribe the saxophone section of McGill's jazz orchestra a decade ago. Jensen, who's touring several Canadian festivals this summer, is a serious composer whose ambitions are pushing her to write for ever-larger ensembles. Miller's allegory hides an implicit smirk, but never for long. I caught the first of his two shows last week—a club date that was the formally part of the festival—and he led a sharp new band through some of the best-out, most engaging jazz I've heard all year.

But what struck me at the festival was the contribution of jazz's older institutions. If the festival of the early 1980s marked the end of Young Lions, every year reaching kids were

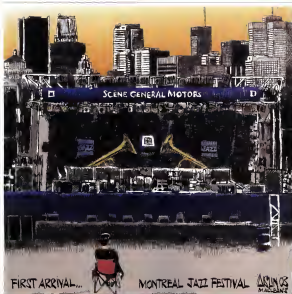
IF YOUNG LIONS in stiff suits and playing stiff swing dominated the early 1990s, this year was owned by Grey Lions, jazz's elder statesmen

ing stiff suits and playing stiff swing, this year's edition was owned by Grey Lions. Where Shorter, who turns 70 in August, is far among the demigods of the night. The saxophone and composer, who played in Miles Davis's quintet in the 1960s, is in the third summer of an astonishing late-career comeback. For a decade his five concerts were shuffling affairs with polyphonic or unimpaired funk machines. Two years ago he built a far more serious group around the explosive Louisiana drummer Brian Blade, with John Patitucci on bass and the Peruvian pianist Danilo Perez.

The band's all implication and tension. Shorter's long, detailed compositions became jumping-off points for almost shocking improvisation. Blade might play nothing for bars, then jump in with a crash and, literally, a scream, suddenly there's a rock-steady groove where none existed. The most exciting thing about Shorter's Montreal show, the third I've seen from this band in six years, was that the saxophonist seemed to me on his new-found levels. He's still pushing his young charges into odd corners. His concert featured changing funk tunes from his late '80s album *Joy Rider*, as well as a standard ballad, *The Way Thought of Now*, played really straight. At the beginning of the night, Shorter was playing hardly at all. By the end his concert was in the saxophone was playing every note the kids throw at him and spinning back three more in his glorification.

It is also, apparently, a year to at least one other summer from Miles Davis's best days. I cannot imagine that Horace Silver, who played piano with Davis when Shorter was on saxophone, would have brought as far-reaching a band to Montreal if he hadn't been hearing about Shorter's exploits. Silver's band is also built around a drummer, Tim Lince Cummins, slightly older than Blade and more content to let a groove evolve instead of blowing it up after a few bars. As a result, Silver's concert had an obsessive, brooding feel to it. Silver and bassist Sonny Colley added successive layers of implication to a few brief original ideas. Wreckonator Bobby Henderson, another 1960s veteran, seemed at one with the city's rhythmic games. But whenever they handed him some open room to run, he answered an increasingly intricate solo.

Unlike Silver and Shorter, Martial Solal had nothing to prove, no doubts to dispel. The 75-year-old pianist, a legend in France, was a first call to the city's every visiting American pianist in the 1950s, and the depth of his knowledge has been matched,



over the years, by the depth of his cheerful exuberance. He played the second half of a double bill with his contemporary Baptiste Trugnot, a 29-year-old who is the most recent winner of the Martial Solal piano competition. So the concert became a seminar on the relative merits of youth and wisdom. Wisdom won, as it generally should. Trugnot had all kinds of tricks up his sleeve, keyboard harmony, which he put to the service of lyrical melody. But he plays no many notes that it's hard to take on the same significance, which is a crash. Solal, in contrast, would visibly pause at the end

of each spiky, unvarnished chorus to consider whether he had reached to the limit of his double bill with his contemporary. Baptiste Trugnot, a 29-year-old who is the most recent winner of the Martial Solal piano competition. So the concert became a seminar on the relative merits of youth and wisdom. Wisdom won, as it generally should. Trugnot had all kinds of tricks up his sleeve, keyboard harmony, which he put to the service of lyrical melody. But he plays no many notes that it's hard to take on the same significance, which is a crash. Solal, in contrast, would visibly pause at the end

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People | Anchoring a new era on BBC World television

Mishal Husain remembers listening to BBC news at the age of seven, while living with her parents in South Arabia. She never imagined that 23 years later, she'd be the hugely popular TV anchor of the new U.S.-based version of the BBC World News during such a significant period in modern American history. "Incredibly, it's been a fascinating time to live in the U.S.," she says. "The buildup to the war with Iraq was, for me, a defining experience."

Born in Britain of Pakistani parents, Husain spent her childhood in the Middle East, where her father, a surgeon, worked in various hospitals. "I grew up in a household that was very news-oriented," says Husain. Her parents encouraged dinner table discussions about world events and their conversations helped steer her toward journalism. Educated in Britain and Florence (she holds a master's degree in law), Husain worked for an English language daily newspaper in Islamabad, taught English in Moscow, and anchored the BBC's Asia-Pacific News Report in Singapore. After Sept. 11 left

the American public looking for broader world news coverage, the BBC developed a Washington-based show (which appears daily on CBC Newsweek), with Husain as its public face. "I get a real buzz out of live news," she says. "And Washington itself is such a lovely city. It's also similar. Jumping into interviewers in Rome & Noble takes a bit of getting used to."

Husain's visibility—she's interviewed Pentagon adviser Richard Perle, Israel's former prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu and NATO Secretary General George Robertson, among others—has spawned a significant fan base. Web sites naming her "the newst thing" arose as Husain's London-based fiancé, Moritz Haderer (a lawyer for a British bank who is also of Pakistani descent), became the news anchor's slightly red-faced "You can't think about it too much," she says. "I don't like that trend of the anchor being a personality in itself. There's a way to show you're a human being who is interested in the story without becoming too opinionated." **AMY CAMERON**

TV | Delving into the past

REUNION OUR LAST
Starts July 3, 8pm/7c
Klopping the skin from a caribou's carcass makes an incredibly distant sound. As does the crash of kumiko (wood or bamboo floor boards) as demurely packed snow. Without any in-between music or commentary to interfere with the stark images in this 13-part TV drama, the smallest sound becomes heavy with meaning. Set in the Arctic of the 1940s, this season follows the lives of five fictional Inuit families as they hunt, fish, attend the "new" Roman Catholic church, build igloos, and doggedly extend the igloo's regime. English subtitles are provided as actors speaking Inuktitut recreate a way of life that has since given way to snowmobiles and satellite television. Created by Igloolik Inuit Productions Inc. (Canada's first independent Inuit production company), *Reunion Our Last* is extraordinary.

THE INCREDIBLE MRS. PINK

July 12, The Movie Network
Based on the teenage years of actor, screenwriter and director **Paul Johansson**, this movie is about a friendship that develops between a troubled young man and an aging, eccentric widow. At a time, Johansson (here in the U.S. and based in Helsinki, Finland) had a difficult relationship with his family, but *Reunion Our Last* after learning patience while working in the garden of an elderly woman. From later, inspired by his friendships, the actor (*Loveless Love*, *Amorally with Mimi*) wrote *The Incredible Mrs. Pink*. Set in the 1950s and filmed in Calgary, the production boasts a prestigious cast, including Academy Award nominee **Gene Hackman** and *The Godfather's* **James Caan**. And 18-year-old **Katie Zinger** (*Virginie's Aunt*, *St. Mary's*), first, offers a sensitive portrayal of a young teen's angst. However, despite the rest of a good story, it's still pretty run-of-the-mill, rife-of-the-weekend shock-by-duelily acting and unexplored themes. **Imprecisely? Not really.** **AMY CAMERON**



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Music | Sugar 'n' spice—that's what Lillix girls are made of

Looney Tunes is living all the things that'd be a study at university if he didn't already have a career as a rock 'n' roll bassist. "My chology or philosophy or literature or science biology. I'm 17, so I have time to figure it out. Plus, I've always wanted to open my own restaurant." At this point, her 29-year-old headmaster, keyboardist, Lacey-Lee Evelyn, chimes in: "Boy, we ate the restaurant as a way to off!" It's a little disappointing to hear from a talk-show star. But it's a reality for Lillix—Lacey-Lee's sister, guitarist Tasha-Ray, 18, and drummer Kim Urbahn, 25, round out the Cranbrook, B.C., quartet—which signed with U.S.-based and Madonna-

owned Maverick Records two years ago. After all, the members never made this kind of cash by listening.

The Evan sisters and Burns have been playing together for six years (Urbahn was a recent addition) in a venue that emphasizes their small-town roots. "We played video rooms," says them. "We'd play anywhere—even old folk's houses." Now they're MTV regulars and are touring the U.S. But they made their way home last month to promote their debut CD, *Falling Upstairs*—and to

Rockers (from left) Urbahn, Tasha-Ray and Lacey-Lee Dile, and Burns

attend Tasha-Ray Evelyn's and Burns's graduation. For girls who grew up on grunge videos, seeing themselves back out on stations like MTV and MuchMusic is pretty amazing. But they're also mindful of their pre-video-club days. Burns mentions the Beatles and '90s alternative band Lush in the same sentence—even if the names up their similarly titled songs. Her Cover the Sex and Wild Up to the Sky—and cites the Traveling Wilbys, Bob Dylan and Bay City Blue as household staples. Lacey-Lee says her family was more into Thin Lizzy, Van Halen, Queens and Supersmash. With such a solid base of musical influences and an interest in rap, the members of Lillix say they make this rock 'n' roll thing fun. **SHARBA BEZEL**

Books | Colour made cool

William Eggleston was the 20th century's first giant of artistic colour photography, and remains arguably its most influential practitioner. His most recent publication, *Los Alamos (Color)*, is dedicated from more than 2,200 images taken between 1968 and 1974 on a series of road trips to the outskirts of the atomic bomb. The project, by far its work to date, captured a groundbreaking 1975 exhibition held in New York's Museum of Modern Art, where Eggleston, photographic artists considered colour pictures vulgar. But his master's eye taught them otherwise. The images in *Los Alamos* turned to the most nearly invisible (especially muted) visual spectrum as a spectacular display of everyday things. His photos—designed partly on a mechanical looking horse, a young man collecting corn at a grocery, a fluorescent shirt of light shown in hotel bed—are factual, honest and a delight of perception and life recorded forever. **TRACY DOYLE**



BEST SELLERS

Fiction

| | WEEKS ON CHART | PEAK POSITION |
|---|----------------|---------------|
| 1. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 1 | |
| 2. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 2 | |
| 3. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 3 | |
| 4. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 4 | |
| 5. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 5 | |
| 6. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 6 | |
| 7. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 7 | |
| 8. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 8 | |
| 9. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 9 | |
| 10. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 10 | |

Non-fiction

| | WEEKS ON CHART | PEAK POSITION |
|---|----------------|---------------|
| 1. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 1 | |
| 2. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 2 | |
| 3. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 3 | |
| 4. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 4 | |
| 5. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 5 | |
| 6. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 6 | |
| 7. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 7 | |
| 8. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 8 | |
| 9. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 9 | |
| 10. <i>THE KILLER IN THE KITCHEN</i> (Doubleday) 22 | 10 | |

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HAVING AN ART ATTACK

The real issues in buying a canvas are: can I afford it, and will it fill that wall?

THE PREMIERS will gather on July 9 in Charlottetown for their annual meeting. Two allies to speculate here on the results of that meeting. After about 30 minutes I realized there was nothing to speculate about.

The premier's wife decided to discover they want money from Ottawa. They will outgrow their themselves for getting out of things, such as wanting money from Ottawa. Jean Charest will say this is a change from the old days, when all the separation did was ask for money from Ottawa.

If we pay attention to these guys, it'll only encourage them.

So I went shopping for an interest. After 17 years as a renter, this owner is the proud owner of a new house. Actually, the house is old, only the owner is new.

Home ownership is full of surprises. The man's name is how many things there are to spend money on. This corner is also, for instance, forgotten owner of a new bike. The night we took pity after watching one pick it up by hand. It's like a new bike. I had to return it eventually. So now I am both a home owner and a bike owner.

The biggest surprise of all, however, is that I also own walls. And that they are bare. The sections of the walls is hard to bear. It's like painting them but now they just look clean and bare.

My bare walls turn me when I am alone at night.

Hey, Big Sis, they say. What're ya gonna put on us?

Paint?

Paint.

Then a home bare tells when you own them. They are less forgiving than rented walls, which after all were somebody else's problem. And it's true: somehow posters don't cover walls quite right. So the time had come to buy some art. Which meant the time had also come to learn about art. It is a humbling experience.

It turned out enough! I went to an antique show to buy a coffee table and found some art instead. Two Canadian paintings

from the 1930s and '40s. One thing, barely larger than CD covers. A northern Ontario landscape and a Montreal cityscape. I bought them because I liked them, which is what everyone says you're supposed to do. Together they cost as much as the coffee table I didn't buy. Not too bad.

The Montreal painting was by Frederick Macintosh Taylor, who, it turns out, was considered a Serious Artist. Fred Taylor, B.C.A. Now I had to find out what the B.C.A. was. Research ensued. This is how a hobby begins.



Or as an obsession. The walls were unprepared without any paintings. Sure, they're not. But they're mine. We're big and tall here.

And they're useful. - *Soprano.*

Where are you gonna get something like?

And almost?

Paint.

Soon I was prowling the art galleries of Ottawa, then Toronto, then Montreal. There are galleries everywhere. You don't notice them when you're a renter and your walls are someone else's problem. In tourist-rich

neighborhoods a lot of the art looks like more bright and shiny and vivid, like roadside posters. I want something that will last. Something with a pedigree.

I ended up for a visit to some finer galleries.

Buy what you like. In a tiny Montreal neighborhood, I strode up the stairs to a gallery full of painting and sculpture, and my gaze stopped, settled on a big, dark landscape. A northern forest. Like the one still not distant. The walls will mock me that who's the boss here anyway?

"Tell me about this one," I said to the guy in my most confident voice. "Ah," he said. "That's a de Bonis portrait. An important French-Canadian artist."

Uh oh.

Together we went to the little show where the prices were marked. There was Jacques de Bonis portrait. Price:

Thirty-eight thousand dollars.

The rest of the afternoon was a bit of a haze. I think I remember other galleries. One had posed an old article from the *Gazette* about Roy Macdonald, the lawyer, and his fondness for collecting Canadian art. He owned 500 pieces. I bet his walls don't give him any sleep. I remember a basement gallery with the hand stuff, the *Esquimaux* stuff. Old Master, bearded men in robes. I looked at a price tag. Two hundred thousand dollars.

Off to the bookstore. Log into the Net. More research.

This is doable. I know it is. You can get good art cheap, and some cheap art is good. Gallery owners come out to be nice people, eager not only for business, but to spend the good news about art, which is news about beauty too, at least sometimes. There are financing plans. There are on-line stores. Oh, live, maybe get lucky. You can rent paintings, although to me it makes no more sense than leasing a car: pay money every month, then give the thing back.

Around the corner from the scary de Bonis portrait was an Anne Savage. Now I'm learning about Anne Savage. If she'd been a man, the Group of Seven might have had an Eighth. I might be able to handle her bright sunnier death.

Back home, the walls are waiting. I'll show them.

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